

determined and courageous men, returned to the house to rescue Helena. But it was too late; when they arrived, the flames had spread throughout the



dwelling, and it was impossible to force an entrance.

He returned to his brother with a heavy heart, seeking to console him with the hope that Helena had sought for refuge before the fire had spread, and that she would soon be heard from. But throughout the night he succeeded not in gaining tidings of her; and the next morning he conveyed his sorrowing brother to his quiet and pleasant country-house, far from the city's scenes of terror. It was only then that he made himself known, and gave his brotherly hand in token of reconciliation and help.

Deeply humiliated by the sudden appearance, the just accusations, and the nobly awarded protection of his son—stricken with grief and apprehension for the fate of his daughter—troubled by his great losses—Robin's cold, stern heart had softened, and yielded to the uses of trial, acknowledging his repentance. Trembling for the wrongs inflicted on that true brother's heart, he attempted to sue for pardon—to make the most humiliating confessions—all of which Benedict interrupted with the assurances of his love—the promises of true Christian forgiveness. With a full heart, Robin told him of the leading events in his past life; how he had lost the greater portion of his ill-gained riches; how his son had brought sorrow and shame upon him; how he had disinherited Ralph, lest he should be made a beggar by him, and leave his daughter portionless. All this, with tears and sobs, the old man told his brother.

Towards evening, Benedict returned to the city, promising to send his daughter Marie as a companion for Robin, whom, with the deepest pity he beheld, sorrowing almost to madness for the fate of his children. When he found himself alone, all the terrors of the past night were anew and vividly presented to his soul, and a restless dread took possession of him; he wandered from room to room, unable to find a moment's repose. All the evil spirits now haunting his conscience, active amid the surrounding stillness of that rural retreat, accused him of the great wrongs committed against the unfortunate Ralph. All the vain plans of his pride and calculation had been interrupted by the sudden calamity, and the pious exhortations of his brother had indeed somewhat awakened his long-dormant religious faith; but even this it was that caused him to view his trials as the retribution of Providence, inflicted upon him in punishment for his sins—depriving him of son and daughter by a dread and early doom. He vowed most solemnly that if he found his son again he would reinstate him in his lawful place, and act by him a father's loving part. These thoughts, and a faint hope for the safety of his daughter, sustained him, yet urged him restlessly on, until he resolved himself to seek his children. With this intention he left the friendly shelter of his brother's roof, before Marie had arrived; and, as fast as his failing strength permitted, he retraced his steps towards the burning city.

The work of destruction had raged unhindered through the night, and still continued, with undiminished force its headlong track of doom. As evening advanced, the most beautiful portion of the city stood enveloped in flame. From the new *Wall*, the flood of fire was poured upon Hamburg's magnificent buildings, over its far-famed *Junkerstrasse*. The splendid palaces, erected by the aristocratic hand of wealth—the bazaar, filled with every imaginable article of foreign and costly luxury—the stately hotels—all fell a prey to the destroying element in a few hours; nothing remaining of their glory, save the smoking ruins.

The walks leading to the city were filled with innumerable trains of wagons and conveyances of all kinds, in which the weeping, pallid inhabitants were fleeing with whatever they had saved from the general ruin. Thousands who had not found shelter, awaited the coming of night upon the fields and promenades in the suburbs; with the wrecks of their worldly goods, with wives and children, they wept beneath the darkening heavens, that were now their only refuge. It was a heart-rending spectacle—a night-picture of terror—of deepest suffering.

The entire population of Hamburg sighed beneath the strong fetters of inevitable misfortune; and, to add to the universal terror, the rumor spread that bands of incendiaries were passing through the streets, by their fiendish activity adding to the power of the conflagration. This rumor, that did not appear improbable, in view of the rapidity with which the fire spread from street to street, from quarter to quarter, passing over canals and bridges with incredible velocity, filled with bitterest feelings of resentment the hearts of the inhabitants, especially of the lower classes, who wreaked their indignation on many innocent persons, whom they cruelly ill-treated in their fury and unreasoning excitement.

Robin Hunter had crossed the Esplanade, and passed through the crowded new *Junkerstrasse*, and had reached the old *Junkerstrasse*, when loud shouts and cries, mingled with curses, reached his ears. He found himself suddenly in the midst of a dense crowd, from which he vainly sought to find an outlet. Pushed forward by the mass—still unknown the cause of their great excitement—he was propelled on, until, within a small enclosed space, he beheld a man lying upon the ground, the face turned from him, bleeding from several wounds, and at the mercy of his aggressors. These were working-men, who, armed with cudgels and weapons, such as they had found, had fallen upon their unfortunate victim with the still continued inciting cries of—

"Kill the dog! Down with the plunderer! Out of the world with the house-burner! Kill him—kill him! Into the fire with him!"

The martyred wretch offered only slight resistance, and not a word of complaint or defence passed his lips. But this appeared to embitter his tormentors still more; and the wild shouts, "Into the fire with him!" grew louder and more imperative, until all appeared inclined to carry out the design. They endeavored to raise the helpless being—for he was unable to raise himself—and for this purpose one of the men seized him by the hair, turning his head around, so that the rigid, blood-shot eyes, the disfigured face, was revealed to Robin Hunter's sight. His lips moved convulsively, giving forth only unintelligible sounds; but they reached the old man's ears, like a fearful thundering accusation! He had recognized the painfully-disfigured, deathly-pale countenance of the unfortunate. With a loud, anguished cry—"Ralph!" he rushed towards him, and clasped him protectingly in his arms.

"Hold, for the love of God! He is my son, my son!" he cried to the infuriated numbers who pressed upon him, anger and menace on their faces.

They restrained for a moment their cries, and looked in amazement and curiosity upon the well-dressed, seemingly influential man, who held the mud-covered, wounded, miserable sailor in his arms.

But their fury was not yet spent; the shouts arose again, louder and more violent than before—"Kill him! throw him into the fire!"

Only a few hearts amid the throng had been touched by pity; these were peaceable citizens, who had not added their voices to the vengeful cry; but deep as was their commiseration, their influence and physical power were too weak to cope with the incensed mass. Robin Hunter found himself alone in the struggle for the life now so dear to him.

But the awakened paternal love gave the old man strength—superhuman energy—to defend his son even against those fearful numbers. With tightly encasing arms he held him, almost fainting, to his breast, while the people pressed upon him with scornful laughter, mockery, and blows; only too soon they succeeded in forcing his son from his arms; but even when they dragged him across the street, to throw him into the flames arising from a freshly fallen house—even then, the father's hands released not their despairing hold upon his garments, and his heart-wrung cries for help rose above the tumult of the fire and the voice of the human demons! Only three steps more to the dreadful goal, and the victim of the people's fury was lost! Then—suddenly—in that moment of greatest peril, while the father's despairing cries arose like shrieks of agony, while the hot breath of the flames played on his cheek, a thundering voice called out—

"Back! back! the gable falls!" and the dense mass parted.

Ralph, caught again in Robin's arms, lay on his breast; and with a fearful crash, the roof and walls of a near house fell in, within a few paces, touching them not; whose hearts once more beat in unison. The next moment powder-wagons came rattling past, bringing ammunition for the blowing up of several houses near St. Peter's Church. Before the people had recovered from the terror occasioned by the falling houses—before they could attempt another attack, Robin threw himself in the path of the Artillery officer, who commanded the train, and piteously implored his help and protection. The officer reined in his horse, and when he observed Ralph's countenance, exclaimed—

"By heavens! that is the brave fellow who helped us so faithfully—who more than once risked his life by the falling houses. And you have ill-used him?" he said, turning indignantly to the crowd that had assembled around him.

"He carried tinder and matches. His face and hands were blackened with powder; he sneaked about suspiciously, so we thought he was a house-burner; the more so, as he is an English sailor, and no one doubts that the English kindled the fire," said one of the workmen who had fearlessly approached.

"Foolish pack!" thundered the officer. "You should be ashamed of your ingratitude, you mad fools! For I tell you this man with his courage and scorn of danger, has done more for the salvation of the city, than all of you put together. Honor this man; honor his nation!—for the same English sea captains, the sailors you entertain such shameful thoughts of, that you persecute so unjustly—these are the very ones to sacrifice themselves in all directions for our deliverance. Open your eyes, and satisfy yourselves! Take hold of the engines, in place of innocent men!—seek to help and save, where you can, in preference to covering the honest names of Hamburg with shame, as you have done in your blind fury."

The engineer who accompanied the officer, also gave his testimony, and a heavy load of care and dread was lifted from Robin's heart at this public acknowledgment of the innocence of his son. The officer offered to convey the wounded Ralph to the hospital, but the father would not let him go from his arms, and only demanded aid to convey him to his brother's country house. Several voices were raised with prompt offers of help, among those who a few moments before had doomed the victim to death. The address of the artillery officer had caused a deep impression on the throng; and they were now repentant and eager to aid the object of their former blinded fury. Some of them hastily brought a sedan; others brought coverlets, a pillow to place beneath his head; again others ran for a skillful physician, and between the many, the weary and wounded Ralph was kindly tended and swiftly conveyed from the scene of his sufferings.

Robin walked beside him, and held his hand; the unfortunate son pressed it gratefully, as often as his eyes sought the anxious countenance of his father, on which he found a gleam of love that had not rested there since his earliest remembrance.

#### CHAPTER V.

The morning of the third day brought no relief to afflicted Hamburg; the conflagration raged on in a northerly direction, and the storm that howled above the terrible destruction, lent its wings to the speeding flames that spread from house to house. The danger and the terror increased with every moment; courage and resistance were exhausted; hope and consolation gone; despair waited loudly; the fate of Hamburg seemed decided—its doom that of entire destruction!

The danger approached the neighborhood of Benedict Jager's house. His daughter Marie had returned to the city the evening before, on not finding Robin Hunter in the country house. She had not seen her father since the day before; and he strictly ordered her, at the approach of danger, to save herself only, without regard to his property; he had already put in a place of safety his books and his ready money. On the morning of the eventful third day, Marie was deeply troubled, for the nearest streets had fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the pursuing elements; around her lay ruins and ashes. She found herself alone with her father's apprentice and her maid; the clerk had met with an accident during the night, and had been conveyed to the hospital. Her fears augmented with every passing moment; she knew her father's stern, self-sacrificing views of duty, and she trembled for his life. All the neighbors were forsaking their dwellings; she found herself forsaken, left entirely alone. The thought of leaving the dear, familiar house, in which she had been born, whose every corner bore some pleasant memory; the scene of her happy childhood; never again to behold its smiling aspect, was deeply painful to her heart.

Also with the thought of her father's danger, mingled her fears for Mainert's safety, whom she loved, despite of the mandates of her father, she loved. She had not seen him since his dismissal from the house; perhaps he had perished in the flames! Or had he left the city at the hour of peril? Or was he offended at her renunciation of his love, and kept himself from her sight through wounded feeling?

These and a hundred other questions arose, to find no satisfactory answer from her troubled heart. She sat alone in her chamber, which, through its glass doors, gave a view of the shop, her head resting sadly upon her hand, she sought to gain some resolve in the necessity that momentarily drew more near. The apprentice sat, trembling with fear, behind the counter, and gazed upon the street, where the tumult of the flying people, the cries and shouts were growing louder every instant; he looked around upon the well-ordered shelves, with their array of fashionable goods, exhibiting his regret that such costly articles should be destroyed, by sad shakes of the head and deep-drawn sighs. The servant-maid sat by the door, her trunk beside her, ready at a moment's warning, to save herself and her effects by flight. Still Marie sat and pondered, coming to no determination, when an elegant carriage passing through the crowd, stopped at the door. In the most tasteful morning toilette, the Count von Reichenstein stepped out, and hastily requested to speak with Miss Marie. She heard the request through the half-opened glass door, and advanced to meet him.

With an expression of deepest sympathy, that was well calculated to awaken her inmost confidence, the count stated that he was commissioned by her father to take her to him. Her father, he said, had completely exhausted his strength during the day, and found himself compelled to seek a few hours' rest in a distant house; he desired his daughter's presence, that, as soon as he had recovered sufficiently, they might return to the country. Marie, unconscious of the real name and standing of the count, believing him to be a resident in the neighborhood, harbored not the slightest doubt in the truth of his mission. Although his words of love and flattery had troubled and disquieted her, and she had firmly refused the presents he had offered; all the memory was obliterated in that moment, for all her thoughts were of her beloved father, and she pressed him with inquiries: whether he was wounded, hurt? whether any accident had befallen him? if there was nothing concealed from her? And when he assured her that her father was safe and well, and only desirous of beholding her in safety, she declared herself willing to go with him. With tears in her eyes, she bade farewell to the familiar home, to its comforts and pleasant memories; she bade her maid and the apprentice-boy hasten to the other house, and with a saddened heart she entered the carriage. The count took his seat beside her, and they sped towards the neighborhood of the Dikegate.

She paid no attention to the anecdotes he related, to his attempts at wit, for she deemed it sinful to pass the time, surrounded as they were with peril, in light jests and frivolous conversation. She thought only of her father in that hour. So they neared the Dikegate—Wall street; a part of the city never entered upon before by Marie, who had no thought of its suspicious character. The carriage stopped before a gaily-painted house; without waiting for the count's offered help, Marie sprang towards the smiling and corpulent hostess, who stood upon the threshold. With tears in her soft, hazel eyes, with trembling voice she besought the woman to lead her immediately to her father. She was told with a strange look and an ironical smile, that her dear papa was up stairs; she should please follow. Without a thought of fear or treachery, Marie obeyed, and followed the woman, and the count came with her; as her father's messenger, his presence did not awaken any alarm, or cause her any distrust.

The Dikegate wall, or rampart, which stretches behind the north side of the street, to a height reaching above the roofs of the houses, offers one of the finest promenades in Hamburg. But that day it was filled with thousands of unfortunate beings, whom the fire had deprived of home and shelter. They lay in groups upon the damp grass plots, looking at one another in dumb despair, or confiding to their companions the extent of their misfortunes and losses; among them the angel of Death lowered his torch; the angel of Life lighted the taper; for many closed their weary eyes beneath the overarching canopy of heaven, bidding farewell forever to earthly woe and trouble; new beings came into existence, welcomed by the maternal tears of sorrow and wretchedness.

A strong detachment of artillery had taken possession of the watch-house on the ramparts; and a part of the guard stood together looking towards that portion of the city, towards the alley of trees by the churchyards, through which the criminals, taken from the penitentiaries and prisons, in chains and manacles, were guarded by Hessian soldiers, escorted to the vessels ready to convey them to Gluckstadt and Stade. The long line of prisoners, whom the unfortunate city could no longer hold securely, afforded a revolting sight; even the artillerymen seemed to feel this, and were about to turn away, when they were suddenly called to arms by the cry of the watch. The rumors of incendiaries going through the city had spread still further that day, and caused great dread and apprehension. Many an innocent person had fallen under the condemnation of the people; many were arrested on suspicion; the senate ordered the most rigid search and investigation, and a number of citizens acted as police for the aid of the public security; their aim being also to restrain the mob from committing cruelties and excesses upon those suspected.

At that moment, a pale and breathless soldier, had come to the officer upon duty on the ramparts, and announced that a few moments ago two suspicious looking fellows, in sailor's garb, had endeavored to fire the dragoon stables; that he came in time to prevent them, and compel them to seek safety in flight. They had taken the direction of the Dike gate, and after he had obtained a description of their persons, he sent a party of his men in pursuit of them. The announcement of the soldier spread among the fugitives camped upon the ramparts, and created a terrible excitement. The near dragoon stable, if set on fire, would, from its situation and dangerous proximity, with the high wind that was raging, and the total exhaustion of all strength, soon cause the flames to spread over the entire portion of the new city, that hitherto had remained untouched. As the excitement spread, groups were formed, and wherever a sailor appeared, the chase was given, and he was captured, his person searched, and if the slightest suspicion remained, or if he attempted flight, he was dragged to the watch-house, and placed in custody. Suddenly loud shouts were heard, and the news spread joyfully from mouth to mouth, that the miscreants had been caught amid the bushes of the promenade on the ramparts. A loud, wild, continued hurrah mingled with the howlings of the gale, and the entire mass of the people scattered; running, shouting, seeking, over the *Wall* or ramparts.

Just then, from the Millers gate, came the musketeer, Mainert; he wore the white scarf of the citizen policeman, and, in virtue of his office, he demanded of the officer on duty the cause of the sudden excitement around. The explanation was given, but in the meantime the two men, passing through the scattered crowd, had sprung across the high road, and thrown themselves from the steep slope of the ramparts, and bursting through the back doors of the small houses at the foot of the ramparts, they had suddenly disappeared. As is usual, in cases of blind zeal and excitement, every one declared he had seen the wretches, but no one had seen in the right direction; no one could tell whither they had gone. The indignant multitude stood there, and looked down upon the roofs, cursing and menacing, but undetermined what next to do; until the officer on the watch commanded his men to search the houses nearest to the ramparts.

This order, that was instantly put in execution, brought new life into the awaiting mass, some of whom joined the soldiery, and followed them into the houses. Mainert deemed it his duty to follow also, in order to prevent injustice and cruelty. In one of the houses they found a sailor concealed in a bed, and amid the cries of the people he was taken in custody; it was a hard struggle for the military to protect him against the fury of the mob; but, as was proved that same day, the poor sailor was innocent, and had hidden from the fury of the populace, knowing that they had vowed destruction to all that wore the garb of the sea. They continued their search, determined on the finding of the other malefactors; but all their efforts appeared to be in vain, until a servant-maid told several of the by-standers that a few moments before she had seen a sailor in a short jacket, and white straw hat, run across the street, and disappear in one of the opposite houses. This communication created a fresh storm, and a number rushed towards the indicated house; here, too, Mainert felt it his duty to follow, in order to prevent injury and outrage upon the innocent. The searchers had filled the lower part of the house, were noisily speaking and gesticulating, without, however, having found a sign of the fugitive.

A party of men passed on to the upper stories, and Mainert accompanied them: the citizen guards opened and searched the rooms, but found only terror-stricken, trembling girls, whom fear of the people and the soldiery had assembled there, and whose faces bore the impress of their sad and vicious lives. Mainert remained in an empty room that led to a wide passage, which in turn led to some gloomy outbuildings. His head was bent forward, and he was listening intently; for he thought he heard sobs and the tones of a female voice. Suddenly a thrilling cry for help arose, that caused his heart to stand still; for it was a well-known voice that echoed in his inmost soul! He flew across the passage that led to the outbuildings, and with one effort flung aside the woman who seemed to guard the entrance, and thundered with clenched fist upon the nearest door, from which the cry for help resounded. A man's voice replied from within, and demanded angrily who the intruder was. Mainert called upon him to open the door immediately; as if inspired with renewed hope, the cry for aid was repeated. In the meantime the noise had attracted the attention of several of the guards, who had hastened to the spot; when the woman whom Mainert had flung aside, saw the numbers that filled the house, heard the tramp of many feet beneath, she rushed, crying and walling loudly, down the stairs.

As Mainert's request was not complied with, the door was burst open with the butt end of the muskets. Mainert's heart had not deceived him, for, deathly pale, trembling in every limb, Marie appeared before him; with loving confidence she clung to him, speaking no word, but looking up to him with the fervent look of gratitude, and the appeal for further protection. Count Reichenstein covered like a guilty schoolboy, in a corner, seeking to conceal his discomfort beneath an assumed and scornful smile. When Marie had modestly and tearfully told her story, the indignation of her lover knew no bounds; the guards, to whom he briefly told the tale, shared his honest anger, and declared themselves ready and willing to deliver the aristocratic libertine into the hands of justice. But Mainert did not deem it advisable to trouble the authorities in that time of danger with the matter; for Marie's sake he would have guarded the event from publicity; but that was no longer possible; for the people streamed into the room, and soon heard enough to divert their attention from the incendiary, whom no one could find, to the heartless deceiver who could not escape them. They surrounded him, shouting, cursing, reviling him; and Marie and Mainert, now for the first time, heard his real name and title; as he vainly endeavored, by the authority of his noble name, to obtain respect from the by-standers, saying they would incur a heavy responsibility if they dared to lay violent hands upon him—a nobleman! But his warnings and pompous exhortations only created a laugh; and the mention of his nobility turned still more against him the popular feeling; for titled names were not beloved by the humbler classes of Hamburg. In the next moment he was surrounded closely, and then carried, not very gently, through the passage, and down the stairs; and his captors with one voice declared his sentence, which was to give him a good drenching under the nearest pump. As they reached the street, a fire engine flew past, and its conductor called loudly for hands to help him. The sentence of the court was instantly revoked, and he was given in charge of the volunteers, who promised to keep him under strictest scrutiny, and compel him to work at the engine until sunset. All his entreaties, monacles, and lamentations, were in vain; two strong men lifted him up and placed him beside them on the wagon; and he beheld himself carried away; compelled to that most disagreeable of all services to him—to the assistance of his fellow-men.

Mainert and Marie lost no time in hurrying from that quarter; they passed up the near rampart stairs, and through the promenades, to the Dike gate. With a sweet feeling of security she clung to the arm of her deliverer, and the sense of happiness in his presence dispelled, after awhile, the grief and terror occasioned by the treachery of the count. Her fears for her father, too, were allayed, for Mainert assured her he had seen him in passing only half an hour ago, by the Millers gate. These happy tidings banished the fear and sorrow from Marie's breast; but when the young man asked her whether her father had saved his property, she replied sadly—

"He has had no time to think of himself; he sacrifices all to his love of duty; not a single thing has been rescued from our house, and now it may be too late."

"What a noble soul!" cried Mainert; "he knows

that his property is in immediate danger, and yet he can think only for the good of others! He does not move from his post, as if he thought that a cherub of security guarded his house. We must be quick! perhaps help is yet possible."

Without further consideration, he sprang across the road, towards two empty country wagons that were passing through the gate.

"Come with me, good people; I promise you a handsome reward!" he cried to the men who sat on the horses; they replied as if they felt hurt by his words—

"Where there is necessity, we go with you, as well as with any other; but you need not offer us pay, for our master has sent us into the city, not to earn money, but to help those who suffer, which is a human duty."

Such beautiful traits of character manifested in the humblest hearts, were of frequent occurrence during that time of terror, and many wealthy farmers in the neighborhood strove with one another to render the most disinterested aid to the afflicted city.

Mainert soon arranged matters with the men, who placed themselves with horses and wagons at his disposal, and neither Marie nor himself deemed it an insult to etiquette when they took place, side by side on the straw seat of the wagon. When they reached the street in which she lived, Marie observed that the fire had made but little progress during her absence, and she could have exulted loudly at the thought that it was yet possible to rescue some of the dear, familiar articles that had been her sainted mother's.

With the aid of the four country boys, and Mainert's admirable energy and activity, all the contents of the house were placed in safety in the spacious wagons, and the entire property, untouched and undamaged, was carried to Jager's country home. When the last wagon was unloaded there, Marie approached her preserver, to whom she was that day doubly indebted, and said, as she took his hand, and her eyes, filled with tears of grateful feeling, rested lovingly upon his face—

"My father must have been mistaken; you are a Christian; you are a good, brave man; for he who does good unto those who have wounded and injured him, must possess a noble heart! My father shall thank you himself—I cannot find the words; but if it will rejoice you, take, in place of thanks, the assurance that I will truly cherish the love I once confessed to you, whatever your belief may be."

With a fervent prayer, Mainert clasped the truthful girl to his breast, and whispering a few more words of love and consolation, he bade her farewell, his heart filled with hope and happiness. He went to seek his friend Herborn, whom he had not seen since the first day of the fire. As he neared the burning portion of the city, he beheld the venerable church of St. Peter in fullest blaze, and Jager's house was burning, and now irrevocably doomed to destruction; in a neighboring street he observed Count Reichenstein, almost exhausted by his unaccustomed labor, urged on and compelled by the surrounding laborers to do his duty at the engine.

#### CHAPTER VI.

The blackest night surrounded Herborn on his return to consciousness; as if awakened from a horrid dream, his eyes vainly endeavored to pierce through the impenetrable darkness; half rising himself, he felt around the walls and floor, and many minutes passed before he could collect his thoughts. A cold shudder ran through his frame as the memory of the past grew clear, as the fact became apparent, that of all the dreaded perils he had escaped from, the very worst had now seized upon him, and held him fast with iron arms. The very knowledge of his threatened fate called into activity his dormant senses; the first sound that came to his ears, as consciousness grew strong, was a hollow, despairing wail, that seemed to arise beside him.

The same thunder crash that threw Herborn insensible to the ground, had awakened Helena from her swoon. Her last recollection was of the moment when she had attempted to descend the stairs, and flee with her treasures from the burning house; but of the time that had elapsed between that moment and the present, all was blank to her. Her awakening was terrible; cold chills coursed through her frame; she was too weak to rise; she could not even move her hands, that lay as if frozen to stone upon her lap. But her mind was active, and filled with the terrors of the past; the wildest shadow-pictures passed before her, of which one, the most frightful of all, sank deep into her soul, accompanied by a thousand terrors—the picture of the grave! The silence of death that surrounded her—the darkness, the mouldy air, the strange, hard resting-place, her immovable position, all confirmed the thought, that with the obstinacy of madness possessed her, that she was buried alive—left to die the most horrible death! A loud cry of anguish burst from her quivering lips, a despairing prayer arose from her heart; she uttered wild, incoherent words, and cried for help, until exhausted by her efforts, her voice sank into the hollow, imploring wail that thrilled to Herborn's soul.

As he listened, he trembled with mingled pity and terror; still more distinctly he felt the depth of misery into which he had fallen, and he was aroused to the effort for the preservation of that other life so dear to him; he sought for hope and courage to sustain him in this fearful trial.

He felt his way amid the darkness, until he reached Helena's side; sinking upon his knees before her, he breathed her name in the softest accents of sympathy; he had to repeat it many times before she heard, for the dense veil of delirium was wrapped around her; she cried with a broken voice, interrupted by despairing shrieks—

"Save me, merciful God! Oh! the cold earth is so heavy on my breast; why have you buried me without a coffin-lid? Oh, he hears me not—the All-pitying One! No help, no deliverance! Come then, death! Come, oh come quickly! release me from these terrors! Smother me before fierce hunger compels me to gnaw my own flesh. And yet—no, no! away with death! I will not die; I am too young; life is too beautiful! Yes, life, life! Oh, God, let me live! Punish me, take all I have, all that ministered to my pride and vanity; I will be poor, a beggar; let me only once more breathe the air of heaven; take from me this night, take me from this grave, give me one ray of light—light, light!" Her senses grew more and more confused, she heard not Herborn's consoling words; her cries of fear reached widely through the subterranean room.

Herborn remembered the hanging lamp he had observed on his first entrance, and feeling along the arched ceiling he found it had remained there; a cry of joy escaped him, for this discovery appeared



to him of incalculable value; for he could light the lamp, and it would be the safest means of arousing Helena from her dazed conjectures, for he feared in her state of physical exhaustion, that the light of reason might become extinguished forever. He carried in his pocket a tinder-box, by whose aid he soon caused a mild and pleasant light to spread through the dreary chamber. Its effect answered all his hopes.

As soon as the mild rays dispelled the profound darkness, the great fear also departed from Helena's soul. She looked around, trembling and amazed, but the fearful thought had forsaken her that she lay living in the grave, in the bosom of the cold earth. Not only her mind resumed its reasoning powers, even her physical strength seemed restored by the presence of the friendly light.

"Where am I?" were the first words she uttered with full consciousness; and with a cry of surprise Herborn's name passed her lips. Before he could reply, she said with anxious eagerness—

"What has happened to me? How come I here? Am I in prison? What have I done, and what brings you here, Herborn, to this dreadful place?"

By degrees he succeeded in rendering all clear to her, in telling her of the past events, since he carried her fainting from her father's house, speaking of himself and the dangers he had incurred for her sake, as lightly as possible, and only so far as was necessary to her perfect understanding of the present.

"Hamburg in flames!" she cried, as recollection dawned upon her; "yes, now I remember! the fiery flood came rolling from house to house, fear of it made my heart stop its beatings, and deprived me of sense. I was in the upper chamber; yes, I resolved to save my jewels, my silver, and as I lifted the heavy basket and looked up, I saw the forked flames speeding from the roof towards the windows; the glass broke—fell in a shower; I was quite alone—forsaken, helpless, and the great dread overcame me; I threw myself upon the floor, just as I had left the room. My father was—oh, God! where is my father?" she interrupted herself with a loud cry. "Did he perish in the flames, Herborn? Speak; know you where he is? Is he dead—dead?"

Although Herborn could give her no certain tidings, he sought to console her, by expressing his belief that her father must have left the house in time, for on his entrance he had found the lower rooms empty, and everything in a state of confusion.

"So he thought only of his own safety; could he have completely forgotten me?" said Helena, sadly; "but then did not I too forget him, when I went to gather together the jewels and the silver? The daughter forsake the father in the moment of danger, in order to save her trinkets; and the father, perhaps, left his child to the flames, thinking only of the safety of his gold! This is the work of the mocking idol we have worshiped before his throne; faithlessness passes for virtue, and cold selfishness is his first command. Oh, I am severely punished! I have sinned grievously in my pride, even against you, Herborn; I insulted you by my ridiculous scorn, and yet you were the only one to save me in the moment of peril! Oh, tell me, has your noble heart forgiven me? Your good deed assures me so, and solemnly do I here promise you I will do better in the future! I feel the sacredness of the good resolve: how blessed it must be to feel that we are truly advancing in goodness, to feel it deep within the heart! But now, I implore you, take me from this dreadful place; I feel strong enough to go. Take me away from here, up, up, to the sunshine, to the view of God's free, blue heavens—to my father's arms!"

With deep and silent joy Herborn had listened to the words that announced her changed feelings, that revealed her soul as he once had deemed it, the dwelling place of noble, lofty thought. But her request to be led thence, caused him great embarrassment, for he foresaw that it could not easily be complied with. He reluctantly told her so, and immediately commenced the investigation of the narrow quarters. His fears were but too well grounded; he found the stairs to the door of the cellar, as well as the only window fronting the street, were completely blocked up with rubbish, stones and fallen brick-work. A deep sigh, that involuntarily escaped him, announced to the anxiously awaiting Helena the result of his investigations.

With folded hands she stood beside him, looked speechlessly upon the ruins around that barred their egress from that dismal place; and again new, terrible thoughts, assailed her brain; she heard not the proffered consolations of her trusty friend. But all his energies were awakened, his thoughts bent on deliverance for them both. He knew that in Hamburg the cellars were often used for workshops, sometimes serving as a dwelling place for the poor family, often conveniently furnished, containing several rooms, and usually built with two outlets, one leading to the street, the other into the back part of the house to which it belonged. He had observed a door in the wall, and hoping to find through it the way to deliverance, he hastened with an eager hand to open it. He found beyond a narrow passage, about ten feet in length, and six in breadth, dimly visible by the faint reflection of the lamp; all was drear, empty—four blackened walls, without door or window. His heart stood still; for now it seemed their last hope was flown; his dread forebodings had come to pass; he saw that they were wedded in beneath the earth, doomed to the most terrible death!

"No way of escape?" said Helena, with dilated eyes, and convulsively clasped hands.

"No way," he replied, with quivering lips, and echo caught the sound, repeating it in weird, hollow tones.

With a loud cry she fell back upon the hard couch. "Buried alive!" she groaned, and her trembling lips remained half-opened, her wild, imploring glances swept the dark walls; deepest anguish and terror was depicted on her countenance.

Herborn stood beside her, regarding her with feelings deeper far than those of sympathy; involuntarily he bent the knee before her, but he could find no words in presence of her mighty grief. Only when he heard the repeated cry, "Lost, lost, and buried! this is only a wider grave!" he found again his speech, and with a sudden inspiration he said—

Helena, as long as life remains in my heart, do not renounce hope. God, who led me to save you from the flames, will give me strength to snatch you from this wide grave! In him I trust! With God I go to labor!"

With the power of a sudden resolve he rose from his kneeling posture, rushed to the door that led to the street, and began eagerly to throw the stones and brickwork that blocked the way into the cellar.

A fresh ray of hope again stole to Helena's heart as she saw his intention, and watched him beginning

at his work. For two hours he continued, allowing himself no rest, and yet he made no progress, for the stones and rubbish fell from above, and filled anew the space he had so laboriously cleared. Helena besought him to allow her to help him, and despite of his reluctance, he was compelled to yield to her entreaties, and she helped him to pile up the stones around the cellar walls; her soft, white, dainty hands accustomed themselves willingly to the rough, laborious task; she even took no heed of the wounds inflicted by the sharp stones, for her thoughts and energies were bent on liberation from the gloomy prison.

So they worked on, and he interrupted the silence by friendly words of encouragement, for which she thanked him with a touching smile; but all their efforts were vain; two hours of continued labor exhausted Helena's strength, and even that of Herborn had totally forsaken him. His arms fell powerless to his side, and his knees trembled under him. They both saw the necessity of rest, and resolved to lay aside their work for awhile. He led her to the sofa, and she entreated him to share with her the only resting-place that had retreat offered them; she read in his pale face and dimmed eyes how much he needed repose, and she desired him to take a part of the roomy sofa, but Herborn could not be persuaded to deprive her even of the smallest portion of the scanty convenience; he pressed her hand in silence to his burning lips, and hastened to the adjoining room, where he had observed a bundle of straw upon the ground. He sank down upon it, and in a few moments fell into a heavy slumber.

He awoke not for several hours; then he felt his pained limbs, and cold chills coursing over him, a burning thirst devouring him; it took several minutes to restore him to a full comprehension of his position. He observed with terror that the light was on the point of going out; that the last flicker of its rays illumined the dreary chamber, and he accused himself bitterly for having so extravagantly expended the precious oil, while both were sleeping. But another, greater care, filled his soul with dread, for he beheld the approach of the two worst foes of humanity—hunger and thirst—coming towards him, and he felt the utter impossibility of procuring for Helena a morsel of bread or a draught of water. A mighty anguish took possession of him; the fearful pictures of a death by famine thronged around him like the threatening phantoms; moveless, as if bound in the fetters of a dreadful dream, he sat upon the ground gazing on the bleak, bare walls. Suddenly he was aroused from his gloomy reverie by a slight rustling in the straw; this insignificant sound, heard amid the gravelly stillness, renewed his hopes; by the dim light he felt amid his pillow; three little mice sprang from their hiding-place. Searching around the walls he found some shelves and on one of them a few walnuts, and some dried fruit, pears and figs, about a handful altogether. The costliest treasure found there consisted of two apricots, wrapped up in fine paper, as they arrive in the boxes from the distance. They lay upon the ground—had probably been left there in the hasty flight—and Herborn concluded that the cellar had been the business place of a fruit-dealer. Although the scanty supply would not suffice for even a hungry child, still the view of it caused the young lawyer a deep, heartfelt joy; with glad, triumphant looks, carrying his treasures with him, he entered the next room. Helena was awake, and with delighted surprise he beheld that she was preparing to light a wax candle in the place of the lamp about to be extinguished. Beside her stood the basket that contained her valuables; her jewels lay carelessly thrown upon the ground; among them all she had found the wax candles, the most valuable of all her possessions at the time.

"I wanted to give you a surprise," she said, with a gentle smile, as she pointed to the now burning and cheerful taper. "Do not ask me at present to thank you for saving the glittering metal and the sparkling stones; but for this light, and the three others I have found, take my warmest thanks! I did not know that I had packed these and the candlesticks into the basket. I am so glad to have found them. You must bear with me, Herborn; I am a child that has always been surrounded by the bright sunrises of wealth and splendor. For the first time in my life I am involved in darkness; I should die of terror if the friendly gleam of light did not cheer me! I will revere it as my star of hope, and as long as I can behold it you shall hear from me no complaint."

Herborn gazed upon her in silent admiration; she was beautiful in her sorrow and resignation; the brightness of her eye, subdued as by a pensive veil, the suffering humility enthroned upon her brow, the irresistible charm of grace and loveliness cast around her, all deeply moved his heart. Gazing upon her he forgot the pain, the weariness, the thirst and dread; he felt his powerful love uprising mightily in his soul, striving to express its new-found life in words, for Helena was wonderfully changed; and the strange fate that had brought them together in misfortune appeared to cast down every barrier between them. Still his delicacy, his truly noble feelings would not permit him to avail himself of her dread and helplessness, by repeating an acknowledgment of affection to which, through gratitude, she might at that time respond more favorably. He placed the seal of silence on his lips, forced back the thronging words so eagerly seeking expression, and struggled manfully with his throbbing heart. When he had obtained the victory, and could speak calmly, he said—

"I have been favored by fortune, and am enabled to give you a surprise in return. The shipwrecked sailor, on a dreary island, is often elated with hope and confidence on finding a scanty supply of wild fruits; they seem to promise a saving future. May the scanty meal which I now offer to you awaken a like feeling in your breast!"

He had placed the fruits in a silver plate which he had taken from the basket; with a forced smile he presented it to her. She received his offering with much emotion, and a soft pressure of her hand evinced her gratitude.

"My worst apprehensions are dispelled," she said, with an appearance of cheerfulness. "With light and food I do not think our prison so dreary. Heaven has not quite forsaken us, for it permits us to find some of its gifts, even beneath the earth; let us gratefully enjoy what God has given!" She placed the silver candlestick upon a heap of straw near to the sofa and drew Herborn beside her. "Now let us justly share our meal," she said, and divided the dried fruits in two unlike shares, of which she offered the largest to her companion; she divided also the apricots, but her companion could not be urged to take even the smallest portion,

strongly as he was prompted by the gnawings of hunger. He declared firmly that he was accustomed to privations of that kind and did not need any nourishment; but she understood the reason of his denial, and, deeply moved by his self-sacrifice, she yet felt deeply pained that he should deny himself the scanty, necessary refreshment, for her sake. Oh, how poor, how deeply humiliated she felt at that moment before the man whose loving heart and truthful soul she had cast proud from her in the cold days of her prosperity. Involuntarily she compared him with her betrothed, the Count von Reichenstein, who had forsaken her in danger for the sake of a merry gathering; she felt contempt in her heart for him; she acknowledged to herself that she had never loved him, that it was only his rank, his brilliant exterior that had attracted her.

She read the depth and fervor of Herborn's love in his eyes, and it needed no repeated assurances on his part to convince her of his unaltered affection. And yet he was so distantly respectful, he overcame so nobly the pain she had inflicted, devoted himself to her deliverance and comfort with so much tender solicitude, without the slightest allusion to his sufferings, without the remotest hope of compensation, without the least entreaty for the future. How rich and great he appeared in the undisguised nobleness of his character! endowed with the highest rank, in his manly worth! He had become inexpressibly dear to her during the few hours that they had been companions in misfortune.

To escape from her entreaties, that he would take his share of the fruits, he had returned to his toilet some work; she followed him and insisted on helping him as before; all his tender entreaties, that she would rest, were lost upon her; she proved as determined as he had been.

They continued their labors for about an hour, when suddenly the space that had been formed in the stairway way filled up with a crash from above, the loose stones rolling in upon it, and a large piece of masonry falling in between, that seemed to erect itself as an impassable barrier to all further hope of escape. Herborn knew not what to do next, and Helena grew still paler. He saw that all effort was vain, that he could not overcome this new hindrance; but one glance at Helena's deathly pale face and tearful eyes inspired him anew with courage and determination.

He piled up a heap of stones beneath the window, then sprang upon it, took off the narrow casement with its small, broken panes, and through this opening pursued his slow and laborious task. At first it seemed that he succeeded well, but he had a work of many feet of ruins to overcome, and in vain that he cleared space was filling up. It was already that he and Helena cried for help, for weak and unheard their voices reached only in the narrow cell. Sometimes they faintly heard the rolling of a carriage, the distant thunder of the cannons, or the crash of falling houses, that had been blasted by powder to prevent the progress of the flames, but no friendly, human voice reached them in their forgotten, subterranean abode. The street was above them; nearly all its dwellings burn to the ground in smoking ruins, dreary and forsaken. Still more dread and clearly they saw their danger; still nearer came the fearful messenger of death. Though Herborn struggled nobly to maintain fortitude and serenity, he could not help feeling in his soul the insidious approach of despair, for his strength was departing, the thirst that devoured him was heightened painfully by the fine particles of sand that filled the air, arising from the falling ruins; it became insupportable; hunger gnawed at his vitals with its sharpest tooth, and the wound upon his knee pained him severely. He was compelled to allow himself some rest, and dizzy with pain and weariness, he sank upon the sofa, but still obstinately refused to take any nourishment.

Towards the afternoon, when he had rested several hours, he felt sufficiently strengthened to pursue his labor. With the exertion of all his powers he continued to clear away the rubbish, but with no better success than at first. Nearly one third of the cellar was filled from the ground to the ceiling with the stones and bricks, and Herborn's watch told him that he had labored for nearly six hours, and that night was drawing near. He yielded to Helena's entreaties and promised to rest through the night. Two of the wax tapers had been used through the day and necessity compelled them to spare the remaining two for the next day, and Helena willingly resolved to sleep in darkness. Herborn threw himself, as before, upon his bed of straw, but the gnawing pangs of hunger, the raging demands of thirst tormented him for hours, until at last a lethargic slumber bound him deeply in forgetfulness of his misery.

When he awoke he felt, as he had the day before, a soreness in all his limbs; yet, although weak, almost to fainting, he was resolved to dedicate his life to the work of deliverance. He arose and went softly into the adjoining room, lighted one of the remaining candles and found Helena still asleep. He resolved to wait her awaking, for the unavoidable noise attendant upon his work could not fail of disturbing her. He stood a long while by her couch gazing upon the sad and beautiful face, now so elevated in its expression of humility and resignation. He turned to the window to try if it were possible to continue his task, without awakening the sleeper, for he felt irresistibly impelled to proceed. When his hand touched the stone he drew back with an exclamation of joyous surprise, for he felt it cold and wet! He supposed that a heavy rain must have fallen, through the night, and the water had passed through the loose rubbish blocking up the way. He pressed his burning lips to the cold, wet stone, and although he could not thereby quench his thirst, the cooling touch revived him, and the hopeful thought arose within his heart that he soon would reach the surface of the mass of ruins, as the rain had penetrated to the ground.

When Helena awoke, and with sweet and pensive grace returned his morning greeting, he eagerly communicated his joyful discovery. With equal gladness she shared his brightest hopes for their approaching deliverance. With renewed energy, both continued their labors. But alas! again they were doomed to disappointment; for after a few layers of wet stones had been cleared away, there followed a bed of dry and dusty brickwork. Still, the bitter disappointment did not altogether crush their hopes. They worked on until the afternoon; and then Helena, yielding to her friend's urgent entreaties, allowed herself a short respite from the unaccustomed labor. She was reclining on the hard couch, when a sudden cry of joy from Herborn caused her to start to her feet and hasten towards him. He had found another layer of wet stones, and again was hope renewed

that they were not far from the surface of the mass. He continued eagerly to pull away the stones from the large opening already made; he worked on for some time in silence, then he cried, suddenly:

"Light! day! we are saved!" The last stone he had drawn forth fell from his hand; he staggered back against the wall, for the blissful sense of deliverance that thrilled his weakened frame, was overpowering in its sudden joy. He pointed, tremblingly, to a small aperture, scarcely large enough to admit his hand, through which a bright, freedom-announcing sunbeam streamed in upon Helena's pallid face, illumining its glad surprise with caressing, golden splendor! Tears of the deepest emotion filled her eyes; involuntarily she fell upon her knees; with outstretched, folded hands, she cried:

"I beheld once more Thy blue skies, O Lord of Life! I see the day, the sunlight! Beneficent Father! receive my fervent gratitude!"

Herborn could not utter a word, for his soul's depths were stirred with the holiest emotions of gratitude and joy. For several moments there was silence; with deepest emotion in their hearts they gazed upon the inspiring sunbeam; then, recovering his self-possession, Herborn felt the glow of hope had strengthened anew his falling strength. It was now comparatively easy to pursue the work—to widen the opening that admitted the light. He soon heard the noisy bustle of the adjoining streets; he heard footsteps, that were rapidly approaching; he heard human voices, and to his intently listening ear came the loudly spoken words: "It was the night of Thursday; I stood there at my post, to bar the street, as a house was about to be blown up; and for a moment or two, I with my companions was thrust against the walls by a passing engine; the man had hurried past us into the forbidden street. It was light enough for me to see that he held a lady in his arms, and carried also a large basket. I suppose the burden was too heavy for him, for he leaned against the railing of the cellar stairs, close by the house that was to be blown up. 'Back! back!' I cried, as loud as I could; but at that very moment thundered the explosion about our ears, and the house fell, and buried him in the fall. I announced the fact, and we went to the spot as soon as we could; but could not find a vestige of him, for the heap of ruins blocked up nearly all the street, and we all thought that he and the lady were crushed beneath. We dared not waste time there; and what good would it have done to clear away all the rubbish, in order to find the dead bodies a few days sooner?"

With breathless attention, Herborn had listened to the story of his own misfortunes; and he bent his head through the opening which led to the street; a cry burst from his lips; trembling with the excitement of fresh joy, he called loudly:

"Mainer! Mainer!"

He was not mistaken; his friend stood beside the brave citizen, Sergeant Jager, close by the heap of ruins on the street. They had vainly sought throughout the city for the banished friend, and the missing niece; and the same soldier who was that day on duty had witnessed the falling of the house, and the flight of Herborn, and had designated to them the spot of the supposed melancholy occurrence. In a few moments, bricks, stones and rafters were cleared away sufficiently from the window, and loud cheers welcomed the delivered ones from their prison. The joy of the spectators was augmented when it became known, that not only had Mainer found his friend, but the honest Jager had also found his niece. Helena had never heard her father speak of this uncle: great was her joyous surprise when he claimed that relationship; but when informed that her father was safe, that her newly-found brother was with him at Jager's country home, her joy and gratitude knew no bounds. A few hours ago, Herborn's dwelling, too, had been burnt to the ground; his friend, almost at the risk of his life, had saved his books and papers from the flames.

Herborn thought not of his own losses; his soul was filled with the blissful consciousness of having freed Helena from the dread terrors that beset them, and in this thought he forgot all of self. A carriage was taken to convey the rescued ones to a place of safety. Mainer, descending into the dreary retreat that had for forty hours been a prison to his friend, returned from thence with the basket of valuables, that had been forgotten in the great joy of deliverance. When Mainer had entered the vehicle, it drove off rapidly towards Jager's rural home.

Throughout the night the fire sped on in its destructive fury, in a northerly direction; but the next morning the foe at length was conquered; the unhappy city breathed freely once again.

Benedict Jager had many opportunities, during the various scenes of terror, of observing the conduct of the music-teacher, Mainer, whom he beheld ever active amid the most imminent peril, risking his life to lend willing aid to his suffering fellow beings. He saw the young man carrying an old, infirm Jew from his burning dwelling; he saw him bring a forsaken, helpless child from the upper story of a flaming house; lead a blind old man through the dangers of a dense crowd and a burning street, himself carrying the few effects that made up the property of the unfortunate. He beheld the young man, inspired by the purest philanthropy, exercising all the sublimest mandates of Christian charity, without regard to station or belief; others there were, strict members of a church, who looked on with indifference, offering no neighborly help amid the devastation; nay, more, endeavoring even to draw pecuniary profit from the sufferings of their fellow Christians; taking the usurer's part, and closing their doors against the wall of the unfortunate. The observation of all this, tended greatly to overcome the prejudices that had found so long a refuge in that warm and noble heart; he acknowledged that true religion consisted not alone in the obedience to outward forms; that its chief exercise was in the fulfillment of the moral duties,—in the prompt, loving offerings of benevolence. And all this, quietly and unostentatiously, had the good Mainer done. The old man felt ashamed of his prejudices. He formed the resolve to seek him, candidly avow his error, reinstate him in his favor, and bid him welcome again to his house; he would no longer oppose his authority against the pleadings of his daughter's heart. When he returned to his house, and heard from Marie of the self-sacrificing spirit with which the young man, forgetting injury and humiliation, had saved his property and his daughter's honor, he left his house with hurried pace, and with a determination that immediate justice should be done, sought Mainer at every portion of the city. At length he found him in Herborn's

burning house, intent upon the noblest duty of humanity. A few words sufficed between these souls of honor; they came to a perfect understanding; their noble hearts bent in unison of love and purpose.

Arin in arm, they passed through the streets, seeking the two lost ones; and at last succeeded in finding those so dear to them. When they had arrived at the happy country house, Jager, taking Mainer's hand in his, led him to where his daughter sat, and said to her:

"It was all dark in my heart; but the flames have thrown their light upon it, and my eye sees clearly that your deliverer has stood the ordeal of faith in this terrible time. Take him, Marie. With his true heart and brave will, he will prove a secure stay to thee in prosperity and in sorrow; you have your father's blessing, my dearest child."

We pass over a period of four months; and from the present are enabled to give a true portrayal of the consequences following upon the terrible conflagration of Hamburg.

We find Mainer and Marie wedded and happy, having that blissful existence of love that for such hearts seems to promise an eternity of duration.

Robin Hunter is cheerful and happy as he never was before; for his conscience is freed from its accursed burdens. The discarded brother and the forsaken son cling to him lovingly, and give him daily proof of their devotedness, of the utter absence of all bitterness and resentment from their love-warm hearts. And he is worthy now of the affection they bestow upon him; for his heart, too, is purified, and full of noble, human feeling, awakened there by the thunder-call of adversity. When he saw the stately palaces reduced to ashes; his own costly dwellings, his surrounding elegances and luxuries fall a prey to the unsparing element; when he saw the ruins of wealth and pride around him, his soul was compelled to acknowledge the worthlessness of riches, the emptiness of worldly possessions. As he looked upon the disfigured face, the wounded form of his wretched son, whose just accusations thrilled his soul with a fearful consciousness, he felt the last remnant of his pride give way; he envied the meanest beggar, secure in the possession of the love of his children. In view of his son's danger, he vowed thenceforth to despise the power of wealth; to seek for happiness in the exercise of human duties; and he kept his word when the deep anguish was taken from him, and his rescued children lay on his breast.

He offered his brother the half of his possessions in money, in restitution for the inheritance he had deprived him of. Benedict accepted the offer, on condition that he might dispose of the money in any manner he chose. He undid the sum; with one hand he assisted many unfortunate ones who by the fire had been deprived of shelter; with the rest he commenced a small business for Ralph, which he was to pursue on his own account, under the friendly direction of his uncle. Hunter approved of his brother's noble plans, and sought in all to aid him in his benevolent works, unmindful of the decrease of his property. He sought to repay the debt of gratitude he owed to Herborn; but the young lawyer refused decidedly to accept any compensation for the services rendered, or for the loss of his own property, although tendered with all the tact and delicacy that was possible; but he accepted gladly the cordially given invitation to consider himself as a welcome friend, whom father and daughter were glad to see at all times.

For two weeks Ralph suffered intensely from the painful, though not dangerous wounds received in the street conflict; then he recovered strength; and the manifold proofs awarded him, of fatherly and sisterly affection, while they calmed the wild emotions, the sorrowful thoughts of the past, threw a new charm upon the life now opening before him. So much kindness had never fallen to his share; and to this elevation of thought and feeling the good Jager, by his constant example and friendly exhortations, aided the struggling soul considerably.

Hitherto Ralph's life had been an aimless one; he had known its widest extremes; in the wild search for excitement and pleasures, he had reached the heights of heartless enjoyment; he had descended the lowest depths of humanity in that fruitless search; and had found no healthy nourishment for his starving soul. His uncle now offered him this nourishment; awakening him to a consciousness of his own innate dignity and duties; leading him to a worthy aim, to the smiling Eden of contentment, the happy, humble home. Ralph had been accustomed to the extremes of society; the path he now entered upon was entirely new; its quiet charm attracted him; the comparatively humble station was accompanied by unknown, pure delights, that were healthful to the long storm-tossed soul.

We have alluded to Helena's heart-purification; misfortune had divested her of the false pride, and in its place humility and love were harbored in her breast. The pleasures of wealth, the triumphs and splendors of the great world appeared to her unworthy of a soul's striving for; she was convinced that true happiness was not to be found in the golden treasures of earth, but only in the treasures of the heart—the soul's wealth of affection that a humble competence and a contented spirit sufficed for happiness, if shared with one beloved object; and she resolved to banish all vain, ambitious thoughts thenceforth. She had not heard of the Count von Reichenstein since the time of the fire. After he had served his compulsory apprenticeship to the engine, he had vanished from the city, as was rumored, to escape his numerous creditors. Helena visited her frequently; she received him with glad, welcoming smiles in the neat dwelling to which with her father she had removed. She read the silent and reiterated confession of love in the eyes of her noble deliverer; but he never betrayed his fondest wishes by the slightest word. At last Helena, following the dictates of her noble and generous heart, gave him the most convincing proof of that heart's final victory over pride and worldliness, by reminding him of his first appeal to her affection, and offering him her true and willing hand. He received the boon with tears of grateful happiness, and in a few days these loving hearts will be joined in the indissoluble bond, their souls rejoicing that the power of misfortune thus led them through the darkness unto the glorious light of day.

The city of Hamburg still sighs beneath the terrible consequences of those three days of terror. But we will not join in the clamor of those heartless mystics, who, even from the pulpit, denounce the dread calamity that visited the noble city as the dreadful punishment of God, thus presenting the great, all-loving, all-wise, and Good Spirit, who rules in all things, as the revengeful and ignominious despot. Only bigotry and ignorance could utter



such a judgment, and tell the world that such a punishment was merited. Louder and more convincing than all the sermons of the time, spoke the actions of her brave, self-sacrificing citizens, that won the admiration and the sympathy of all. And throughout all Germany that sympathy was awarded; nearly all Europe placed its rich offerings upon the altars of the city. Many tears have been wiped away; and may those who yet look sorrowfully into the future, be strengthened by the hopeful consolation, that although deprived of much wealth and treasure, Hamburg is enriched in hearts!

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

Published at No. 3 1-2 Brattle Street,  
LUTHER COLBY, THOS. GALES FORSTER,  
WILLIAM DERRY, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
Single copies per year, \$2 00  
" " six months, 1 00  
" " three months, 50  
All subscriptions must be paid in advance, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, of which due notice will be given.  
OLIVE TREES.—Clubs of four and upwards will be furnished at the following rates:  
One year, \$1 50  
Six months, 75

Persons sending us clubs, may add to the club at any subsequent time, names either in their town, or any other place. Money sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. Procure drafts on New York, if possible.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.  
Address, "BANNER OF LIGHT," BOSTON, MASS.  
Colby, Forster & Co.

### HARMONY OF SOUL.

"There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,  
But in his motion like an angel glides:  
Still cutting to the young-eyed choicest things:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The elements of harmony are within us, but we have not yet learned to discover the principle. What seems harsh, jangled, and out of tune—what looks inconsistent, contradictory, and altogether unrelated—what makes life appear a net-work of entanglements, or a mass of ill-assorted experiences, may be made to wear the face of order, and harmony, and beauty, if we will only take the pains to understand the law. There is many a man, and many a woman, who would be glad to make his or her life a truer life, if the principle could be understood. There are eager inquirers enough after a perfect life, if they could but know the simple law.

It was that each of us might discover this law for himself, that we have such varied and contradictory experiences. In the process of that very discovery, we become acquainted with ourselves; we are greater discoverers even than Columbus, for we launch forth upon an ocean to which there are no shores known.

One is poor, and another is rich; but the rich man may be in reality the poorer. One holds high public position, and another is not thought of in the popular estimation of all; but the unknown man may be far out of the other's reach, and it is only the public's loss that they do not know him. Within the soul there are ups and downs, also here a light, and there a shadow; now a height of exultation, and again a depth of disappointment; yet all those opposites are reconcilable. It takes just those opposites to make the life whole. There would be no bitter without a sweet—no joy, unless by relation to its contrast, sorrow—and no virtue, if there were no temptation. And we acquire a knowledge of the first principles of harmony, the moment we perceive and accept this inevitable law of our being.

It is a delightful thought that we are originally endowed with all the qualities and elements that are needed to make life a whole and sweet thing; the great purpose of life is to assort and combine, arrange and regulate, balance and subordinate them, as to produce perfect harmony within the nature. The minute and delicate works a watch are objects of admiration to every observer; but the secret springs and balances of the soul are indescribably more wonderful than these. We render our appreciation of the odors of choice flowers into expressions almost of ecstasy; but the fragrance given forth by a beautiful and harmonious soul is infinitely beyond comparison with these. There is nothing in nature that matches a perfect soul; all other charms, beauties, delights, and wonders, may aid in the development of its qualities, may assist at every turn to call them forth, but they can never become its equal, or make good its deficiency.

A person reads of what another has accomplished for himself in this way, and instantly exclaims—"Yes, but he had advantages and opportunities that I have not!" It is a mistake. All the advantages are what he finds for himself. When he has discovered the principle of spiritual harmony, all nature turns to and works along with his endeavor; even obstacles come up and offer their assistance; in fact, there are no obstacles, for they bend to the law as obediently as flowers turn to the revolving sun. And it is equally a mistake to suppose that wealth, position, friendship, or fortuitous circumstances of any sort are essential to this spherical growth of the human soul; they become vastly more attractive when they receive the expression which a harmonious nature alone knows how to impart to them, but they are in no sense necessary helps or instruments. Through these the beautiful soul delights to manifest itself, as indeed through some such instrumentalities it must; but it is a fatal mistake to suppose that they stand for the soul, or in any way represent its infinite worth.

We know great allowances are to be made for organizations and temperaments; these are tyrants, seeking to place themselves above the reach of all law. Yet the will is somewhat of itself, and can be made yet greater; it is capable of modifying a temperament that would of itself produce nothing but crabs and thorns. Let that will be enlightened and refined; make it intelligent and tender; give it a sinewy strength under the guidance of the most delicate perceptions; and then set it vigorously to work upon the roots and branches, the roughnesses and rocks of the nature. In time it will make a deep and sure mark. Let it run a sub-soil plough down under the hard soles that have never yet been turned over to the light of the sun. Give it a chance to make the earth friable and mellow, so that the rains of heaven may penetrate and the sun may send in its genial beams. Set the entire mass to working, that all the noxious gases and sour odors may freely escape, and the fructifying qualities may be allowed fair play.

To change the simile—the soul is a complete

world of itself. It may be all chaos at first,—a heaving, swelling, turbid, nebulous mass,—shapeless, without light, obscured in the shadows,—but the act of creation rests with the individual alone. It is for each of us to say to his soul—"Let there be light,"—and light will surely descend out of every quarter of the heavens, million-eyed and beautiful. Then there are the subsequent ages of formation to go through: the combining, the solidifying, the slow and steady lifting of dry land out of the dark gulf of waters; then signs of life, low and indescribable at first,—the nameless reptile, the monster fish, the amphibious beasts, the fauna, the trees, grass, slopes and green meadows, the birds that sing in the branches, playful brooks and dashing waterfalls; the change is constant, the advancement steady, and the development complete. It is the process of the world's creation all over again; the geologic history has forshadowed all from beginning to end; but much is the work of time, and patience, and much the work of the unquiet and expanding individual. The creation is not complete, however, until the work betrays its own harmony; until the lord of the new spiritual world can see and comprehend the law of germination and growth, of flux and reflux, of ebb and flow, of time and tide, and seasons.

Such a creation is, or is yet to be, the work of every one of us; it may come sooner or later, but it will come, in this world or some other world. We are all to become final lords. We shall learn how to send showers that will fertilize the fields of the spirit, and we shall be able to roll away the clouds to let in the welcome sunshine again. Yet all under the sway of the Great Spirit; that central sun around which swings in noiseless harmony the countless worlds of the universe. They who can catch, in the faint twilight of this present existence, the dancing beams of that far-off sun, and make their little lives chorals of harmony here, shedding light freely again in their turn, are the ones that are already nearest heaven; it is but a step for them to the sphere in which they are to move throughout the glorious hereafter.

### HOW TO EDUCATE.

In the course of a discussion, several weeks ago, before the Educational Meeting held at the State House in this city, the Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham, advanced some most excellent ideas respecting the proper mode of educating,—that is, of drawing out,—the youthful mind and nature, which deserve the serious thought of the reflecting portion of the community. It is a matter that is, at the best, but little understood.

One great cause of failure in life he considered to be the mis-fitting of men to their posts. The first error in our education that led to this mis-fitting men, was that it was too limited. The faculties of the human soul are exceedingly varied; there is as great a diversity of talents as there is of faces. The powers of the soul require to be tested. He did not believe in phrenology as a mode of determining what a child is fitted for. While he believed in the general truths of the art, (he could not call it a science,) he did not believe that sufficiently safe direction could be given from a phrenological examination of the child's head. The only way of testing the matter is by putting it before him. Place before his mind the whole round of trades and arts, that every faculty may be sounded. We are not to allow a child to choose a business because it is convenient to place him in it at the time. Show him what can be done, and see for what he is best fitted.

It may be objected that in this way he will become a smatterer, jack-of-all-trades and master of none. This difficulty and all like it must be remedied by remodeling our whole system of education from the beginning. It is true that in whatever branch a man is educated, the better is he qualified to undertake any other branch. This was found true in the factories and workshops,—that the men and women who had the most schooling were the most intelligent and valuable workmen. We want an education that will develop all a man's powers. And if our present system of high education tends, as is asserted,—to make men disgusted with common life, it is because the education is not conducted on a proper plan. What is wanted is an education of the senses, of the power of observation, as well as an education of the logical faculties, and of the tastes. And in the culture of the tastes, he would have it a true education, leading men to admire not only that which has the name of classic, but whatever is beautiful in nature. He would have the earliest training of the child confined to real things. Let him study geometry before arithmetic, and become acquainted with forms; a child learns easiest in this way, for before it can talk it knows faces and a thousand things about it by their form. Another cause of failure in life is the artificial standard which we set up, of what is honorable and respectable in life. All callings are honorable, and men should rather consider whether they fill the places which they occupy. "Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

### MUSIC.

William Henry Fry, of New York, delivered a lecture on Music at the Tremont Temple, last Wednesday evening, which was a great treat to all who had the good fortune to listen to the speaker. He said that the culture of the voice would drive consumption out of existence. Music is the only art that is immaculate, the only language that is universal. All nature, the universe, is one entire song; it covers all creation—has no beginning and no end, like God himself. The great men in history are those who have the most music in their hearts, like Milton and Shakespeare. The lecturer said that the American people do not know what is among them. Pearls and diamonds are scattered around, genius is running through the streets, but it is unrecognized, and gives place to names which come down to us with hair-powder endorsements from George the Third. He spoke particularly of the misappreciation of Mr. Stoepe's "Hiawatha," which he welcomed as a work which any musician anywhere might afford to be proud of. As a special illustration of American indifference to native accomplishments, he alluded to the opening of the Crystal Palace in New York, where the honors, instead of resting with the men whose genius had contributed to its erection and adornment, were showered upon others, who stood apart from the purposes of the occasion—mostly politicians; a principle worse than that which regulates affairs in the South Sea Islands, where the man who invents a new string to a bow is crowned with smiling public approval. Carrying the principle back, the speaker asked where were now the politics of Greece, which like those of all the ancients had vanished, while their art achievements would ever survive—the principle being, that States perish, while Art endures.

### LECTURE BY RALPH W. EMERSON.

Wednesday Evening, April 20th, 1859.

Mr. Emerson announced his subject this evening as "Manners—not what, but how." He said: Life expresses. The statue has no tongue, and needs none. Good tableaux need no explanation. The visible carriage and action of an individual result from his organization and his will combined. There is always the best way of doing a thing—there is of boiling an egg. We prefer to associate with those to whom we are attracted, and who chime with us. It is manner which makes us endurable to each other, and gets us out of the quadruped state, and stands us on end; which stifles the base, and cultivates the generous.

Manner is power; and the degree of nobleness is known by the manner. Consuelo taught the aristocracy manners from the stage, and the Grecian artists by their postured grace. Manners give a depth to frivolous society. Society is unbearable with rude persons—who pray undressed, contradict and discuss at the public table, and who, like terrorists, deem it doing the honors of the house to bark each passer-by out of sight. The lecturer had, in his travels, seen a printed notice in the hotels at the West, to the effect that "No gentleman will be allowed at table without a coat!"

After Dickens had paid America a visit, he wrote a book commenting severely on American manners and customs. He would have done better to mend us by better examples. Manners are fickle, and grow out of custom. Great heads show their title by the degree of homage they are willing to receive from others: A penetrating painter in England could tell the rank of his patrons by their manners alone—gentlemen from lords, and earls from dukes. When it was attempted to prove the young son of James III. a bastard, a painter depicted the testimony by pointing out such striking resemblances to both his parents, whose pictures he had painted years before, that all doubts of his legitimacy were hushed. Nature and destiny are honest, and always hang out the right sign. A thorn bush can grow nothing but thorns, water it ever so much; and a rose-bush will always bear roses.

The tongue is not man's truth-teller so much as are his eyes. As soon as a man is off his centre, the eyes show it. The tongue may cheat and dissemble; the eyes never can. They speak truly of sorrow or unhappiness, health or disease; virtue or vice, love or hatred. They are the true index of the soul. They speak all languages, which the tongue never knew. In them lurks a demon or reposes an angel. A practiced man will take language from the eyes, as at first hand. Some eyes threaten like a loaded pistol, and others are as insulting as blissing or kicking; some have no more expression than blueberries, while others are as deep as a well which you are afraid of falling into. It is a wide field of study we find in the few square inches of the human face. Noses are as indicative as eyes; and a European savant maintains that the gait is equally a text of mind.

In society everybody is a policeman in citizen's clothes. Necessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed. One of life's secrets is confidence in ourselves, and a knowledge of what and who we are.

A large part of the lecture was made up of anecdotes embellishing his theme. Dumas, who has lately returned home from the East, relates a touching story of Arab hospitality. The Europeans had been attracted toward the young son of the old Arab, who was the pride of the house and the favorite with all. On the last night, the child was not with them, and on inquiring for him they were told he was asleep. The next morning, as they were preparing to go, the parent detained them, and told them that the day before, while playing with his mother, the child had fallen from the piazza, and been killed. The host had forbore speaking of it the night before, lest he should interrupt the happiness of the party, and now, as a last request, he summoned his visitors to the funeral of the child.

In conclusion, he said that manners must be the result of refinement and cultivated sensibilities, in order to be genuine; all else is frivolous and sickening.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HYMNS OF THE AGES.—This work is a very choice collection of hymns from Lyra Catholica, Germanica Apostolica, and other sources. Some of these hymns are met with in other modern publications, but most of them will be new to the general reader. The grand old hymns of the Catholic communion, although most of us may be prejudiced against the church, are yet full of inspiration, the outpouring of Christian life. Rev. F. D. Huntington furnished the introduction to the volume before us, which is elegantly printed on slightly tinted paper, and handsomely bound and gilt. The mechanical execution is worthy of these soul-stirring old hymns. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

THE ASBOTT.—Another of the cheap series of Peterson's works by Sir Walter Scott. Twenty-six volumes for fifty dollars, or twenty-five cents each. Received from Shepard, Clark & Brown.

MOTHERS AND INFANTS, NURSES AND NURSING.—This is the title to a translation of a French work by Dr. A. Donne. The writer of this book was entrusted with the choice of a nurse for the infant Count of Paris by Louis Philippe. At a time when several nurses had been tried without success, he devoted himself to severe studies upon the microscopic appearances of the milk, and the results attained, and the success attending their application, gained for him the office of Inspector General of the Schools of Medicine in Paris. Every thing in the work appears to be useful to the mother in rearing her charge. As public attention seems to be fast turning to reform in this particular, as one means of improving the race, this work is opportunistically presented to the people of the States. It is not an advertisement of quack nostrums, nor is it objectionable as leading persons ignorant of medicines, to dabble in drugs, and is thus free from objections which it might attract many works which treat upon the human system and medicine. Phillips, Sampson & Co., publishers, Boston.

THE HOME MELODIST.—A very neat little book, containing the music of several choice songs and ballads for the voice. Dutton & Co., publishers.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND.—As its name signifies, this is a collection of popular Irish melodies, and music for the voice; words under each song. From Dutton & Co., publishers, 277 Washington street, Boston.

THE ANTIQUARY.—No. 7 of Peterson's pamphlet edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels, has been received by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The May number of this excellent periodical, which deservedly ranks as the first publication of its kind in this country, is before the public. We consider this number a very interesting one. We regret we have not space to copy the Professor's Talk at the Breakfast Table, on Theology. It is so interesting. We surmise that the landlady considers the Doctor her best boarder—if not in point of character, in that of profit—for who of us but would forget the luxuries of the table while listening to his sparkling wit and good sense? Liberal ideas, given forth in a judicious manner, must make the boarders forget their buckwheats. There's no telling the amount of provender saved by having a Professor at the table.

### MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Mrs. Rosa T. Amey will speak in Bedford on Thursday evening, 28th, and in Taunton, Sunday, May 1st.—Mrs. H. M. Miller will speak in Connecticut, Ohio, May 1st.—Loring Moody will speak at Natick on Sunday, May 1st; and on Monday and Tuesday, May 2d and 3d, at South Natick.—Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, formerly Mrs. Henderson, will lecture at St. Louis every Sunday in May. Friends in the vicinity wishing to engage her services for week evenings, will address her in care of James H. Blood, Box 3591, P. O., St. Louis, Mo.—George Atkins will speak in Plymouth, May 1st.—H. A. Tucker will speak in South Eastern on the first Sunday in May.—Warren Chase lectures at Chagrin Falls, O., April 28th, 29th, 30th, and May 1st.—Mrs. H. E. M. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio, Edith of the Agitator, will lecture in Rochester, N. Y., May 1st.—Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Quincy, May 1st.—E. L. Wadsworth speaks at Waltham, Mass., Sunday, May 1st.—Mrs. A. W. Sprague will speak at Portland, Me., Sunday, May 1st.

Owing to a press of matter, we are obliged to omit our usual list of lectures this week.

### MEETINGS IN CHARLESTOWN.

Mr. F. G. Bishop, lecturer on the Harmonical Philosophy, late from Washington and New York, will speak at the Evening Star Hall, 69 Main street, Charlestown, on Sunday, May 1st, at 2 1-2 and 7 P. M. Subject in the afternoon: "The true character of Christ. Evening: The mission of Christ, as connected with human destiny."

Afterwards, until further notice, these meetings, (at which different persons are expected to speak, occupying fifteen minutes each,) will be continued, at the same time and place. These meetings are free; collections, or otherwise, are taken for "material aid." The public are cordially invited to attend.

### LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER.

At Music Hall on Sunday last, prior to the discourse of Wendell Phillips, extracts from a letter from Rev. Theodore Parker were read. The letter was directed to Francis Jackson, and was principally of a business nature, but the portions of it which were read were listened to with close attention by the congregation, which was unusually large. The letter was dated at Santa Cruz, March 21, and though Mr. Parker did not directly describe the state of his health, he says, in describing the climate, that if the pure air there will not cure him, nothing else can.

He says the thermometer there stands at 70° above zero in the morning, 80° at noon, and 78° at sunset; and does not vary far from that at all times of the season. He speaks of the air as so dry and clear, that he can easily see Porto Rico from Santa Cruz, although it is seventy-two miles distant.

A portion of the letter was devoted to a description of the effects of emancipation at that island, and Mr. Parker thinks that the large decrease in the produce of sugar is not necessarily an indication of a decrease of industrial energy, but that it is to be regarded as rather favorable to the theory of the emancipationists than otherwise; and he explains this decrease by saying that it is caused by an increased attention to other pursuits, rather than a neglect of industrial interests.

### LORING MOODY.

Loring Moody lectured at Charlestown, Sunday, April 17th, afternoon and evening, and a correspondence informs us that the friends of free thought enjoyed a rare treat. We have not room to give the communication entire, but quote the last paragraph.

"It would be impossible, however, to do anything like justice to these lectures in a brief sketch. None can truly appreciate without hearing them. We understand Mr. Moody talks of quitting the lecture field for want of support. He has so far wholly trusted to voluntary contributions; and these have not been sufficient to meet the bare necessities of his family. We trust he will be enabled to keep the field, and would say to all friends of rational Spiritualism, give him a call; if you want the deep things of this new dispensation made plain and its mysteries unraveled, give him a call."

### GENEROUS.

The various typographical societies in the States are in the habit of sending delegates to a Convention of the craft, which is held every year in some one of the large cities of the Union. This year Boston is selected as the place of meeting, and a grand meeting it bids fair to be. The following letter is a valuable hint to those who can afford it, to add their mite towards enabling the Boston Printers' Union to carry out their hospitalities on a scale worthy of the city of Boston, the Athens, &c. &c.

Boston, April 23, 1859.

DEAR SIR:—Having learned that it is the intention of the "Boston Printers' Union" to extend to the members of the "National Typographical Union"—who are to meet in Convention in this city on the second day of May next—a cordial welcome, we feel that we cannot let the opportunity pass without contributing somewhat towards making the occasion one long to be remembered by the delegates who will assemble here from all parts of the United States; and, in accordance with the wish of our Board of Directors, permit me to enclose a check for one hundred dollars, as a token of good will from this Company to you, and as a slight contribution to aid in showing your guests in the Convention the best hospitalities of Boston.

Fraternally and sincerely yours,  
ISAAC T. REED,  
Agent S. P. Ruggles' Power Press Manufacturing Co.  
H. W. HARRINGTON,  
Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

### WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF THIS?

DEAR BANNER:—Here it is Thursday evening, and my paper has not come. I have to send to the post-office five or six times before I get it, and have ever since the removal of the Boston Post Office. Is it out of any particular regard they have for your paper or what is the cause of it? I think so much of the paper I cannot wait patiently so long.

Saxtonville, April 21, 1859. S. HILL.

The Banner of Light is mailed to subscribers every Tuesday. All subscription copies are in the Boston office before 9 P. M., and any of our subscribers who do not receive it by the first mail to their towns, which leaves here after we deposit the paper in our office, will please to acquaint the postmaster of their town with the above fact, and ask him to institute inquiry as to the cause of delay. We have known of parties in country towns talking the paper to read, and not giving it to the regular subscriber until they had done so. These things are wrong, and the postmasters of inland towns should see to it that they do not occur.

### BOUND VOLUMES.

We have had a few copies of Volumes 8 and 4 of the BANNER bound in suitable style to preserve. Price \$3.

### SAMPLE COPIES.

We will send sample copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT, whenever ordered, for distribution.

### THE HUMAN WILL.

MR. BANNER:—I am doubtful whether I should permit myself to triumph, even if I were conscious of a signal victory over my fair opponent, "Inquirer," in your columns. As far as I am competent to judge, she is (probably all "unconscious" to herself, and she will take me to do for saying it,) about to own up. She cannot adduce any proof of the statements she has made; this she has confessed; and, now (woman-like) although she cannot make out her case by proving her averments, she still persists in repeating them, and this, too, while she declines (for reasons perfectly satisfactory to herself) to submit to any reasonable test. Well, I am reminded of the proverb which forbids pouring water upon a drowned mouse. She is an excellent lady, I have no doubt, and I do not find it in my heart to think the less favorably of her, that she should fall in comprehending some of the difficult problems of psychology.

But I must examine her *excuse* for declining a test. It is this: "That Mr. Sunderland's will is so powerful, that he could, and he would, prevent her success." And thus, while my fair opponent sneers at my "logic," she gives this as a specimen of her own. Only look at it! But, if Mr. Sunderland has so much power over you, as all this would amount to, how is it that he has not been able to control you by his will in all this controversy? Nor is this all. You could easily arrange the preliminaries for the test, so that no mortal could (even if he would) influence you by his mere will. The test shall be such as your "spirit friends" will assent to, and I do not even ask to be present with you, nor even to know when it is performed. Let me have an opportunity of making known to your associate spirits what the test is, (and it shall be one that you and they will agree to,) and then you may perform the test when I am not present, and when I could not possibly control you against your own wishes. This is what I never did do, and God being my helper, it is what I never would do even if I could. Nor is it of any avail for "Inquirer" to refer to what she calls "living witnesses." I happen to know the parties to whom she refers, and I am as confident that she never was controlled by the mere will of Mr. B., as I own that she has erred in what she has undertaken to say about me. Hence her statements amount to nothing, especially while she refuses to submit to a test, under circumstances which wholly obviate the force of her objections. If she will only consent to test herself, (so to speak) I promise to keep away from her at the time, so that she and the spirits may have it all their own way! And what, I ask, could be more fair than this? Why not test yourself, unless you are afraid, like the philosopher who declined to look through Galileo's telescope, lest he should be convinced of the truth!

Let me have an interview, and I will satisfy you in five minutes of a method by which you could test yourself, and the "spirits" whom you think control you by their will. Now I have a friend "Inquirer" in a narrow corner. Will she submit herself to a test, when all alone, with her "spirit friends," and when no mortal is present, and no mortal but her friends know of the time and the place? This obviates your fear of opposing wills that may control you.

I will not now undertake to show the utter fallacy of your notions in respect to the human will, when you speak as if Mr. Sunderland could, and would control you against your own wishes. The idea is absurd and mischievous. When I lectured in Salem, a few years ago, a woman came to me whom I had never seen before, and accused me of having controlled her by my "will power" four years previously, and so told her that she had been bewitched by me ever since! Now what could I do in this case? For this poor deluded woman was just as sure that I had willed her to do certain things, four years before I had any knowledge of her, as "Inquirer" is, now that she has been controlled by my mere will, independent of her external senses. This Salem woman attended my lectures, and came on my platform with her eyes shut, and acted with my other subjects, and all this she did while I willed with all my might against it. I did not want her there, and begged her to keep away; but she followed me to Lowell, and I had to apply to the mayor and the police to

get rid of her; and all this while she insisted upon it that I willed her to do as she did. Why, I have known hundreds of people to affirm that they were controlled by my will, when I know that they acted directly contrary to my will all the time. And I may now refer to "Inquirer," as a case in point; she now affirms that I can control her by my will, and I have been willing with all my power to induce her to retract her erroneous statements about me, and how well I have succeeded her last article will show!

Come, now, my friend, "Inquirer," will you submit to the test I have proposed? Say yes or no—and privately if you wish—to the editor of this paper, who will arrange all the preliminaries to your entire satisfaction.  
Boston, April 16, 1859. LA ROY BUNDERLAND.

## The Busy World.

Our agricultural friends—and in fact all others—will do well to read the dissertation of Professor Maffei, delivered before the Philosophy Society of New York, on the 14th, on the *Progression of Primaries in Nature, Icteric Coma, pounds, &c.* It was reported expressly for the BANNER by one of the most expert photographers in New York city.

New Britain.—We shall commence a thrilling story in our next, entitled, "Honoria, or the Spanish Doubloon." It will be concluded in two numbers.

Capt. Mowry arrived at Washington on Friday morning, 22d inst., with dispatches from our Consul at Guaymas, which he delivered to the Secretary of State. He represents the whole western section of Mexico to be in a wretched condition, and that American citizens and property are at the mercy of lawless and marauding bands, which now infest the country.

The Lichen Question.—It is stated that the decision of Judge Shaw in the Lockport liquor case, has been overruled by the full bench of judges. The case will probably be reported upon in a few days.—*Gloucester Telegraph.*  
The full bench have reached a decision, we understand, which will be announced by Judge Bigelow during the present term of the Supreme Court at Salem.

The Overland Mail of April 1st has arrived at St. Louis. Sixty-nine pounds of silver, the product of the Arizona mines, were brought by the coach.

The Charleston Mercury says that the jury acquitted the men of the Echo slave because they consider the foreign slave trade no more a crime than the domestic trade, and that further prosecutions at the South will be idle, expensive and vain.

Sunday being the 7th day of the feast of the Passover, the Jewish Synagogue here was crowded with devout worshippers of the Israelitish faith, who carried their Hebrew copies of the "law," and participated in such exercises as were of a general nature, with great fervor. Rev. Ben Jacobs, the officiating minister, read the 114th and 115th Psalms, after which he read a prayer, elaborately composed, and characterized by a true spirit of adoration, supplication and thankfulness. His sermon was from the text: "O, Israel, trust thou in the Lord; He is thy help and shield."—*Psalm, 115: 9.*

The Seventh Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends assembled at Longwood, Chester County, May 29th, 1859, and continue its session three or four days. We shall publish the call for the meeting in our next.

The Howard Fair, which commences on Wednesday of this week in Music Hall, promises to be one of the most brilliant of the season. The tables will be loaded with the choicest articles.

Punch says, "Kinder is the looking-glass than the wine-glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, the latter to our friends."

THE ALLEGED FILLIBUSTER EXPEDITION TO CUBA.—In regard to the rumors upon this subject, the New York Journal of Commerce says:—

"Whatever truth there may be in these reports, it is a fact that the Spanish Consul at this port is considerably excited by them, and sent out warning dispatches to the Governor General of Cuba by the last steamer. The Spanish Minister was also sufficiently alarmed to come on from Washington, and is now awaiting further intelligence in this city. It is impossible to prove that such an expedition has not sailed, but, considering the frequency of similar rumors, which have turned out to be groundless, we are disposed to receive this new one with a good many grains of allowance."

The skull of Ben Johnson, with a small bunch of red hair attached, was handed round for examination by a party who recently visited Westminster Abbey.

A draft for \$10,000, as indemnity for the killing of a sailor on board the steamer Water Witch by a shot fired from a Paraguayan fort, has been paid into the U. S. Treasury.

Two steamers from New York to England, on Saturday, took over \$1,350,000 in specie.

Mr. George Perkins, engineer on the Eastern Railroad, was killed on Saturday morning last, by the giving way of Parker River bridge, between Newburyport and Rowley, the engine and five cars being precipitated into the river thereby. Mr. P. was crushed beneath the ruins. Damage to the Railroad Company, \$2000.

THE PARAGUAY TREATY.—The New York Evening Post learns, by a private letter from a gentleman connected with the Paraguay expedition, that Lopez offered to indemnify the Navigation Company to the amount of \$240,000, and the money on the spot; but as the sum falls short of what was asked, the matter is referred to an arbitration, which is to be held in Washington, he appointing one arbitrator, our government another, and the two choosing a third.

TRAVELERS desirous of quiet, comfort and convenience, while in the city, will find their tastes gratified—not only in these particulars, but in regard to the inner man—at the National House, corner of Blackstone and Cross streets, (Haymarket Square.)

MILITARY.—Among the possibilities and probabilities of the approaching military campaign, is an encampment in some central place of all the militia in the State.

AMUSEMENTS.—The magnificent spectacle of "Faust," at the Boston Theatre, should be seen to be appreciated. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, had a benefit on Monday evening, when the "Merchant of Venice" and "Our American Cousin" was performed. On Monday evening, an original New England comedy was put upon the boards of the Museum, entitled, "Lord Timothy Dexter." It is a very funny affair, and will doubtless have a successful run. Mr. Warren appears as Lord Timothy. The Howard Atheneum was opened on Monday evening last by Mr. E. L. Davenport, with Filigran as his stage-manager. The School street Opera House and Ordway Hall are well patronized by laughter-loving citizens, as they should be.

The case of Cyrus W. Plummer, who is to be hung on the 24th of June, for the murder of Capt. Archibald Mellen, of the ship Juno, excites general interest, and various opinions are entertained relative to his singular statement, read to the Court on the day of his sentence. It is generally acknowledged that the Judges showed too much haste in



have been saved by his songs from the fate of the outside. He was a true friend to the poor, and he never failed to remember the poor in his prayers. He was a true friend to the poor, and he never failed to remember the poor in his prayers. He was a true friend to the poor, and he never failed to remember the poor in his prayers.

People are getting sick of the Slicker trial at Washington, and the daily press is getting sick of it. It costs \$1000 per day to transmit the details over the wires.

AGENT.—We have authorized Mr. H. H. Waldo to act as agent for the BANNER in the vicinity of Rockford, Ill.

Good temper is the philosophy of the heart, a gem of the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects; a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light and life to all within the sphere of its influence.

PROVINCING.—"La ma, here's a henge!" Ma, (reproachfully)—"A henge! Oh! you ignorant cat. Vy, it's a howl." Keeper of the menagerie—"Axes parding; m'm, it's an awk!"

It is a double shame to a man to have inherited distinction from his ancestry, if he bequeathes disgrace to his posterity.

When success makes a man better than he was before, he must be a good man indeed.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,  
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it,  
And twilight through the darkest night  
Some solitary star to cheer it.  
The gloomiest soul is not all gloom,  
The saddest heart is not all sadness;  
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom,  
There shines some glimmer of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair,  
Nor life nor death the future doom;  
And round the shadowy brow of Care,  
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

An interesting fact concerning Franklin, Mass., is, that there now exists in the town the identical library that Dr. Franklin gave to it, for adopting his name. He was asked to give a bell for the meeting-house; he preferred to give a library, as a bell had more sound than sense. Most of the hundred or two books he gave are still preserved, and they are among the best standard books of the English language.

"Adam," said a sagacious man, "showed much wisdom in giving names to the animals when they were brought to him. But as for the hog, I think anybody would have known what it was, if he had not named it so."

St. Thomas Brown defined sleep to be Death's younger brother, and says, "so like him, that I never dare to trust myself with him without saying my prayers."

Pride sleeps in a gilded crown—Contentment in a cotton nightcap.

Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.

## Banner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

Publication Office, No. 5 Great Jones Street.

### THE DIVINE LIFE.

Abstract Report of a Lecture delivered by Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, at Clinton Hall, on Tuesday, April 19th.

The life-principle is the first manifested itself as a personal force—a selfish power—man which, in both the individual and the race, it has been and is constantly tending toward the spiritual—the divine love. Affection is but another name for life. It is our loves and attractions which constitute our real being; and hence we are living either in the physical, the human life, or else in the spiritual, the divine life, according to the degree of unfolding of our loves.

We use the term, "divine," not as comparative to the character of some being outside of man; but simply as expressive of the superlative condition of humanity. New ideas, and new conceptions of things always demand new terms; because old terms have a set meaning, which spontaneously rises up in the general mind, whenever the old terms are used. To avoid calling up and sanctioning the one, we must cease to use the other. Hence we prefer the term, "divine," or "spiritual," to the term "Christian," as applicable to the same thing. For the same reason, we never use the term, "God," to express our conceptions of the omnipresent and omnipotent principles in nature; because the word, "God," has a fixed meaning in the dictionary and out of the dictionary, and when spoken, invariably calls up before the mind a great man, with hands and feet, eyes, ears and mouth, or an ideal personality of some kind, which does not enter into our system of philosophy.

Man's intellect and his affections are two very different things; and hence the most towering, gigantic intellect may have but little spiritual unfolding, while another may really have passed into the spiritual, the divine life, and still be but a child in intellect. Yet the intellectual may, and often does, put on the semblance—the outward form of the divinely unfolded—sometimes intentionally—sometimes unknowingly. Hence it is so difficult for those who look only to outward appearances, and judge by outward forms, to distinguish between the real spiritual Christian and the one who is only an intellectual man in the harness and armor of Christianity, but destitute of those internal forces—that real soul power which is truly adapted to work in either.

Humanity is moving, irresistibly, all in the same great channel towards the unfolding glories of a divine life; and even the external mockery of a divine life, which the mere human nature assumes for a selfish purpose, is, to us, an evidence of the deep powers within man, which constrain his human nature to bow before, and almost worship, that divine life which is his destiny. I know that theology assures us "that the gate is straight and the path is narrow"—that it is very difficult to be a Christian, or, in other words, to live a divine life. "Tis all a mistake. The road is as broad as all humanity abroad, and the journey is most sweet and inviting. Yet it is hard, indeed, to be such a Christian as theology would have us be. 'Tis hard to wear any kind of harness and to carry any kind of armor that is unnatural. If the divine life consists in reading the Bible with a woeful countenance, blessing our food and saying our prayers with a long face, and going to church with our spirits clad in the external garb of awe and solemnity, when our very souls bellow all this, and would, if they dare, run over with joy and hilarity, and frolic in dancing, merriment and song; if this conflict—this crucifying of our better nature—be Christianity, or the divine life, then, indeed, it is a hard life, and we may well say, "straight is the gate and narrow is the path." None but the most dull, stupid and lugubrious part of mankind can live such a life, or tread such a path. Humanity's noblest specimens—those with large, social faculties—those that are richly endowed with a spontaneous, overflowing wealth of soul, can never walk in such a narrow path—can never bow their lofty spirits to such a yoke. They can never be Christians in this theological sense, and yet they may be better than that; they may be spiritual—divine in all their loves and affections, and hence in all their works.

The Christian—the divine man—must be looked for beneath the surface; and, in this deep searching, we often find the human nature in all its selfish passions and propensities, where external appearances led us to expect the divine nature. Look at that merchant; he is a member of the church; he never fails, yet he magnifies one thousand percent; he does not swear, but his eye often flashes with bloody vengeance; he does not commit adultery, yet he is passion-incarnate, and his lusts riot in lascivious imaginings; in short, he is no open violator of the law, or of discipline, yet his loves are those of the human nature only. It is plain, then, that he is not living the divine life.

The fond mother takes her child, at an early age, and tries to make him a Christian, according to the usual idea of a Christian. She teaches him to pray when he had better be romping and rolling over the floor with his equals. She rebukes him for singing, "Pop goes the weasel," and tells him to sing, "How tedious and tasteless the hours," and, in this way, endeavors to substitute an artificial life for a natural one. But while the mind is thus being trained, the affections are expanding—the loves are coming up to their adult state, and by the time the child has reached maturity, the result is, that the intellect and the affections are antagonistic to each other; the intellect has learnt a form, and commands the affections to live a form, while the affections are spontaneous, and demand a natural and spontaneous life. Hence the great need and the imperative work of this age is to release the affections from the bondage of the intellect—to educate the intellect so that it may be a fit companion for the affectional nature—to prepare the groom to meet the bride.

There is now many a noble spirit, sitting under the drooping of the sanctuary, whose better nature rebels against

the false accusations of theology. At the midnight hour, the angel-world sees the silent tear steal down the cheek, and hears many a deep sigh ascend from those who feel the weight of their false education, and who plead for the sympathy of some one that understands them. They are alone; and humanity is alone, and isolated from humanity because of their false teachings. It sometimes happens, however, that a single whiff of the spontaneous, spiritual elements finds its way into the pent-up cages of theology; and oh, how refreshing it is to the famished inmates to quaff a single breath of its inspiration; the windows are hoisted, the doors are thrown wide open, divine life streams in, and fraternal love runs like a flood from soul to soul. The preachers call it a "revival," but what matter what name is given it, when we know that the bars are let down, and fraternal love is turned loose? The formula used to be: "Are you a Methodist—then come to our meeting;" or "are you a Presbyterian—then come to our meeting;" but the formula now is, "Are you a member of the human family—then come to the Union Meeting."

But these occasional exhibitions of fraternal love are not lasting. They are the result of a powerful stimulation, reaching faculties which are deeply buried, and when the inspiration has swept by, fraternal love slumbers again, and theology throws its iron arms around humanity, and takes them to their prisons again, where they are no longer divine humanity, but Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists—each living an outward form in the hope of buying the kingdom of heaven. But the time will come when these deep, divine loves of the human soul will expand till they reach the surface, and become not only humanity's drapery, but also humanity's spontaneous life; and the kingdom of heaven will be with every one—not because they have paid a price for it, but because they are living a life of divine principles. Then it will be seen that Christianity is not so hard to live, but that it is as easy to live as any other life—that it is not a system of crucifixion and self-denial, but a renovation—a natural shedding of the old man by the power of the new—that it is a free, spontaneous living of divine principles, not from choice, nor from policy, nor from any selfish consideration, but because those principles have become strong within us—so strong that our very being is an expression of them, and could not be otherwise, even though we should be taken upon the mountain's top, and have all the kingdoms of the earth offered to us as a temptation to induce us to prove false to them.

This must come by a regular growth, just as the child becomes an adult by a regular growth. It must come in its regular time and season. We cannot take a child and make a man or a woman of it, simply by making it act like a man or a woman, or repeat their thoughts. The child must be a child, and deal in childish joys and thoughts, and in due time the child will grow up to be an adult, and put away childish things. But if it is prevented from living its childhood, the love is an irreparable one; it comes up to manhood, or womanhood, with an enfeebled, palsied, and imperfect mind, because it has not been permitted to live each phase of its life in its proper season. It is just so, correspondingly, with the adult man. We cannot, by any mechanical means, lift him out of the human into the divine life. It is a thing of growth. We may pray over him; we may plunge him into the baptismal font; we may feed him on sacramental bread, and drench him with sacramental wine; we may teach him neither to steal, nor to murder, nor to defile his body; but unless he has grown into the divine life, his real life is human, and none of those things can change it. The human life precedes the divine in the order of growth; and as the child must live in his childhood nature in order to be a man, so the human nature must be lived in order that it may be shed and replaced by the divine. Thus humanity, while living in the exercise of their present nature and development, are throwing off the elements of discord, and passing from the selfish plan to the fraternal. Thus we are all travelling on the broad road, and tending toward the divine. It is immaterial how discord is thrown off; whether by scolding, or weeping, or praying to dead gods—the result is good; the human nature is shed, and the divine assumes the control of the individual and the race, and thus makes of this earth a kingdom of heaven.

We have again to beg the indulgence of our readers who may be expecting No. 8 of the Old Spiritualist series. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak—so say we; and inability on account of indisposition must answer for our short-comings.

## Philadelphia Correspondence.

Lectures by Thomas Gales Foster.

DEAR BANNER.—That worthy and eloquent expounder of spirit-truths, Thomas Gales Foster, addressed us again on the Sabbath morn—the controlling intelligence prefacing the discourse by a few remarks on the position of the medium, who, it was alleged by some, had been a theologian, and therefore capable of speaking upon the subjects he presented without the aid of spirit-control. It was alleged that the medium, in order to be entranced, held to his face his handkerchief or talisman, and that he committed to memory the discourses produced. As everything that could be said was brought forward against media, it mattered little whether they were believed to be controlled or not; the matter presented to the public mind is to be accepted for the truths contained, or rejected, if not appealing to the reason of the hearers. The medium had never been a theologian, although his father had been a minister of the Unitarian church. In early life he had joined a Methodist church, but soon found he had not improved his associations, and he left it, and returned to no church since. He had been a man of the world—anything else but a theologian.

He took for his text the 14th verse of the 7th chapter of Isaiah—the passage on which so much stress has been laid—as prophecy of the advent of Christ: "Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." And further, the prophet is said to have told the king, as a sign from God, that "before the child should know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land should be forsaken of both its kings," the land of Syria and of Israel, both of whose rulers were warring against King Ahas. And this prophecy was not fulfilled, for his enemies overcame Ahas. If such a man as Isaiah could mistake, or in attempting by clairvoyant power to see too far, could give a prophecy that came not to pass, why denounce so loudly the mediums and seers of to-day, when surrounded by inharmonious conditions, attended to give truth, and perhaps failed in some particular?

The mention of Zion's Hill in the second Psalm, which also is received as an allusion to Christ, meant the Castle of David built there, and the injunction to kiss the son alluded to the son of David, and was a laudation of that king, and not an injunction to do homage to Jesus, who never persecuted, as David did.

Other passages the medium cited to prove the contradictions of the writers in the Old and New Testament, and the non-fulfillment of their prophecies; the genealogy of Christ made him the son of Joseph, and yet the Bible says he was not his son. St. Matthew and St. Luke have only two names that are alike in tracing the generations of Christ, one leading to Abraham, the other to Adam, thus clearly proving contradictory and varied in their statements. Of the beautiful character of the Nazarene, the medium said, it was owing much to the harmonious development of his mother, and there was much of sacredness, truth and beauty, in his belief that exalted the mother, making her also divine. But the misfortune of the world has been the deifying of men in place of the worship of principles; the worship of Mary and of Jesus has taken the place of that of God; in hallowing them, the Father has been almost forgotten.

It was denied by some that man is progressive, and the superiority of ancient Greece and Rome is cited. But the justice of Greece was a cold, material one; the famed Roman law was for itself only, and not for others; they are all excelled by the American mind of to-day, with its wide capacities, and free, broad range of thought. But while extending in every direction, commerce and enterprise characterize the American mind. Upon the theological platform there is no mention of progression, and mind and thought is fettered there. Salem, noted for its vast enterprising spirit, the first to send forth its ships to the distant lands, persecuted with sectarian bitterness the poor mediums who there first gave the evidences of spirit-power. Even in this city, not long since, a movement was started, that for a pecuniary compensation gave children a ticket for a seat at God's right hand; and this amid the enlightenment of the present age! Thus, theology has ever been the cramping influence, stifling aspiration and smothering free thought, preaching the beautiful doctrines of the lowly Jesus, and practicing bitter intolerance.

The medium spoke of the Christ principle incarnate in every human soul; thus Confucius was beautiful, Zoroaster glorious, and many others besides the Nazarene. The term, "anointed," emblematic of the ancient priesthood, was not confined to a chosen few, but all were God's anointed children

commissioned to do his will and work out a glorious destiny. In connection with the custom of anointing the Christ to the name of Jesus, he related an amusing incident. A printer, finding the line too short to admit of the full name, arranged it so that it read thus: "The Lord J. Christ." The character of Jesus was beautifully harmonious owing to his favorable physical surroundings and mental influences; his loving example he was divine in the cultivation and manifestations of his spiritually-divine as humanity may all become.

The lecturer spoke of little children, that it was in violation of law that they left the form during infancy and childhood; that the material casel should contain the spirit until it was matured and perfected. When little children die, they went into the arms of a guardian spirit, a second mother; but in order to gain the experience that earth alone can give, they were led by this guardian along the tortuous paths of earth-life; and from their parents they gathered the experiences, and drew as fully from the mother's spirit as if they were nourished from her bosom; what an incentive this is to goodness of life and purity of action, for we lead souls upward, or retard their progress. It has been brought against modern Spiritualism, that it leads to, and justifies suicide; but the allegation is false. Spiritualism warns us not to go uncalled for to the other life, for of all sins that man can commit against himself, suicide, by slow or sudden process, is the direst of all. As it were, suspended between heaven and earth, the suicide stands, abashed, bewildered and wretched, finding himself uncalled for and unwelcome. Much more the medium said that was true and beautiful; would that I could render justice to so much spirit-eloquence and truth.

The evening's discourse was on "Origin of Evil." I would that it were given me to accurately lay before the numerous readers of the BANNER that eloquent, most beautiful and varied portrait of God's love, and man's inherent good. The medium said, that undoubtedly he would startle many by the assertion that there was no positive evil in the world; but that all evil, so-called, was relative, and incidental to the progressive condition of humanity, the result of ignorance, misdirection, perverted organization, but not original evil implanted in the soul, which was of God, pure and holy. Man had developed up from the rudest, coarsest forms of life, and was yet an infant, spiritually. Do we condemn the babe for the manifestations of infancy? Then let us not condemn man for the ignorance and angularities appertaining to that period. The teachings of theology, the doctrine of innate depravity, had cramped the aspirations, the efforts of man; teach him that he is innately good, and naturally pure; that if he violates organic law, the natural and inevitable consequences follow in the necessary infliction of sorrow and suffering; that to live in obedience to God's moral and physical laws, is happiness, and man will arouse from his torpor, and live the true life that God designed.

The medium related the story of the Creation, as told in the Jewish Talmud, the Mohammedan version of the Creation, and the disobedience of man, all bearing resemblance to the allegory of Eden, believed in by the Christian world, all absurd and derogatory to the reason of the present age.

Man was the origin of evil, and not God, for man created evil in his ignorance, and is working his redemption by sorrow and suffering; and we who would aspire, and rise to higher platforms of thought, and strength, and goodness; we should open wide our doors and our hearts, even to the lowest and most depraved. What! sit in our churches, velvet-cushioned, and tapestried, and gilded as they are, by the side of the prostitute or the inebriate? Even as Jesus did, so should we, for he took the sinful Magdalen by the hand, saying: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more!" And to do this we must expect to be reviled, as he was, for sitting with publicans and sinners; and never shall we progress, and be truly Spiritualists, until we attain to this plane of sympathy, and broad and universal charity, eschewing the condemnations of the world, bringing not forward the past to arraign any man or woman, but saying to all, as the angels do, "Give me thy hand, my brother or my sister, and come up higher." Many are purishing for the want of spiritual life-preservers; help such, and the very waves that buoy them up will be endowed with power to strengthen thee, even through the very one of you aid.

No man is so depraved, but somewhere, deep down in his soul, is the God-principle of love and sympathy. Children, if generated aright, would not display the angularities and perverted dispositions that trouble so many parents' hearts; but if you indulge in whiskey, tobacco, and other unclean things, rest assured your children will bear the impress; be part tobacco, part whiskey, and display all the incongruities that make life inharmonious. He spoke of the relation of the sexes, of the separation of boys and girls in our schools, of the impure fear implanted in the minds of each towards the other. "Let your children be together," he said, "for they will be together in Heaven!" and by the proper association of the sexes, purity and confidence would ensue, where now all was wrong and distrust. Alluding again to the doctrine of original depravity, he said no mother, looking upon the baby at her bosom, believed that she was nursing a little devil. He enjoined upon Spiritualists the cultivation of the affectional nature, the exercise of charity, the laying aside of condemnation and the assumption of judgment. The lecture was grand and elevating, instructive, and fully imbued with the spirit of the loving Nazarene.

Yours for truth, CORA WILKINSON.  
Philadelphia, April 18, 1859.

## THE DEAD PAST AND THE LIVING PRESENT.

Lecture by Henry C. Wright.

A lecture on this subject was delivered at the Melodeon, Boston, on Sunday evening, April 17th, by Henry C. Wright. The lecturer announced as his text—"God manifest in the flesh."

"By the 'dead past' he meant the men and women who have lived, but who, as corporeal men and women have ceased to be. They have no wants that we can supply; we no physical wants that they can supply. By the living present, he meant the souls of living, tangible men and women, who are with us now; and who, as the incorporeal souls of the men and women of the past, are really present now, even in the lecture-room, as ever in their visible life on earth.

A reverence for the past appears universal; but very, very often, it is a reverence for the dead, and devoted to the memory of the past, are the very things which show the least regard for the principles which those whom they reverence lived and taught.

We should suppose that men would reverence most that which has the most control over their character and destiny. The survivors of the past were those who did most good to the people of their own age; the true saviors of the world, in the highest sense, to whom we should pay our deepest reverence, are those who do most to form the character and destiny of ourselves.

The men and women of the living present always influence each other most in the relations that are most intimate; and of all human relations the most intimate, and therefore the most potent, to save or destroy, is that of husband and wife. Schools, colleges, governments, churches, all the influences that bear upon us less or more, are secondary influences, and are of less importance than the influence of the husband and wife. What is the relation of the husband and wife? It is a relation of love, and of love there is no selfishness, no jealousy, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all-enduring. The love of the husband and wife is a love that is not selfish, but is a love that is for the other, that knows no self, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though jealousy may consist with passion, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is all-confiding, all-loving, all











